USTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1849.

, Nov. 1, 1891, $5,674,154.45.

Surplus, $437,000.

TEES—Wm. S. Badger, Thomas Lambard, n Libbey, Samuel Titcomb, J. H. Manley.

sits received and placed on interest the first every month.

est paid or credited in account on the first nday of February and August.

sits are exempt by law from all taxes, and ts are strictly confidential.

cial privileges afforded to Executors, Admin., Guardians, Trustees, married women and 49tf EDWIN C. DUDLEY, Treasurer.

TICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri- er has been duly appointed Administrator e estate of HENRY K. CHADWICK, late ugusta, in the county of Kennebec, d, intestate, and has undertaken that giving bond as the law directs: All per- herefore, having demands against the estate deceased are desired to exhibit the same for ment; and all indebted to said estate are re- d to make immediate payment to

9, 1891. 3* WM. H. LIBB

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the second Monday of ber, 1891.*

RTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be t will and testament of CHARLES H. FOTTER, Monmouth, in said county, deceased, having esented for probate:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper d in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the said ment should not be proved, approved and d, as the last will and testament of the said ed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the second Monday of ber, 1891.*

AS BUTTERFIELD, Executor of the ill and testament of CHRISTINA J. BUTTER- late of Sidney, in said county, deceased, presented his second account as Executor d will for allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper d in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held sta, and show cause, if any, why the same d not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of ber, 1891.*

WIN CALDWELL, Executor of the last will estament of HENRY A. CALDWELL, late of hester, in said county, deceased, having pre- d his first account as Executor of said will for nce:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper d in Augusta, that all persons interested may at a Probate Court then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the same uld not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of ber, 1891.*

. GORDEN, Guardian of ALBION E. TAYLOR ndfield, in said county, insane, having peti- for license to sell the following real estate of ard, the proceeds to be placed on interest, l the interest of said ward in 19 acres of land, house and barn, in Manchester:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively prior to the second Monday of ber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper d in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1891.*

NA A. GORDON, Administrator on the estate AH A. LOVEJOY, late of Monmouth, in said y, deceased, having petitioned for license to e following real estate of said deceased, for ayment of debts, etc., viz: A lot of land con- g one acre, with buildings thereon, situate in Monmouth:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three successively, prior to the second Monday of mber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of Novem- 1891.*

LLIN F. SPROUL, Administrator on the estate JOHN SPROUL, late of Winslow, in said county, ased, having presented his first account of ad- istration of said estate for allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three ks successively prior to the second Monday of mber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ed in Augusta, that all persons interested may ad at a Court of Probate, then to be held sta, and show cause, if any, why the same d not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

NNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1891.*

ORGE MARR, Administrator on the estate of A W. MARR, late of Chelsea, in said county, de- d, having presented his first account of admin- ation of said estate for allowance;

ERED, That notice thereof be given three ks successively prior to the second Monday of mber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may ad at a Court of Probate then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the same uld not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1891.*

ORGE CASWELL, Administrator on the estate NCY J. CASWELL, late of Monmouth, in said nty, deceased, having presented his first account administration of said estate for allowance; and petition for distribution of money in his hands:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three ks successively prior to the second Monday of mber next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper ted in Augusta, that all persons interested may ad at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the same uld not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

st: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1891.*

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of LUCY A. COLEMAN, of Readfield, in said county, deceased, having n presented for probate:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three ks successively prior to the fourth Monday of ember next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper nted in Augusta, that all persons interested may end at a Probate Court, then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why said in- ument should not be proved, approved and al- ed, as the last will and testament of the said ased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

ttest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of tober, 1891.*

THOMAS J. LYNCH, Administrator on the estate MICHAEL MCDONALD, late of Augusta, in said nty, deceased, having presented his first account ministration of said estate for allowance:

ERED, That notice thereof be given three eks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of vember next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper nted in Augusta, that all persons interested may end at a Court of Probate, then to be holden sta, and show cause, if any, why the same uld not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

ttest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52*

ENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of tober, 1891.*

ARAH JACKSON, Administrator on the estate GEORGE A. CRAIG, late of Augusta, in said nty, deceased, having presented his first account administration of said estate for allowance; also widow's petition for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three eks successively, prior to the fourth Monday of vember next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper inted in Augusta, that all persons interested may end at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at sta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of petitioners should not be granted, and that notice ment should not be proved, approved and al- ed, as the last will and testament of the said ased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

ttest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the sub- scriber has been duly appointed Executor the last will and testament of MARY TEMPLE, te of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, ceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by ving bond as the law directs: All persons, erefore, having demands against the estate of id deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for tlement; and all indebted to said estate are re- ested to make immediate payment to

t. 26, 1891. 52* LENDALL TITCOMB.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri- ber has been duly appointed Executor of the st will and testament of ELEANOR M. WARREN, late Winslow, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, estate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond the law directs: All persons, therefore, having de- ands against the estate of said deceased, are de- ired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make im- diate payment to

Oct. 26, 1891. 52* CHAS. E. WARREN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the sub- scriber has been duly appointed Administra- rix on the estate of JANE S. HOLT, late of ugusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving ond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, aving demands against the estate of said deceased, re desired to exhibit the same for settlement, nd all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Oct. 26, 1891. MARY L. KEEGAN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of October, 1891.*

A petition having been presented by O. W. AM- BREWS, Administrator on the estate of W. H. FOSTER, late of Monmouth, deceased, for distribu- tion to heirs of money in his hands:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of November next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augus- ta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 52*

SIX each month, and articles on Fashion. *Arthur's* HOME and all matters of interest to the. *Home* STORIES Finely illustrated, $1.50 a year. *Magazine,* AMPLE copy for five 2c. stamps. Philadelphia, Pa- Address

THE MAINE FARMER,

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"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1891. No. 3.

Farmers' Institutes.

The following are the dates of Farmers' Institutes arranged by the Board of Agriculture for the season. The meetings will open at 10 o'clock in the forenoon and continue through the day and evening.

Green Ridge (Fort Fairfield), Dec. 2d.
Easton (Sprague's Mills), Dec. 3d.
Monroe, Dec. 8th.
At another point, Dec. 9th.
Buxton, Dec. 11th.
No. Kennebunk (Alewive), Dec. 12th.
Rumford, Dec. 22d.
So. Paris, Dec. 23d.
Harrison, Dec. 17th.
New Gloucester, Dec. 18th.
Litchfield, Jan. 5th.
Livermore Falls, Jan. 7th.
Auburn, Dairy School, Jan. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Hancock county, to be arranged.

If there is any test more convincing to the farmer than the churn, it is high time public attention was called to it.

Many a remarkable cow has gone to the shambles without her owner knowing what a prize he had, simply because her capacity had never been tested. Try each individual, and get a yearly record.

How about the stray pigs? The market is fairly active, and six to six and a half or seven cents not to be laughed at. Pork growing has paid this year, provided it reached the barrel before six months old.

"I never have succeeded in collecting so much money in the same time," is the statement made to us a few days since by one of our largest implement dealers, and shows plainly the effects already of the better crops of the year.

There's not a farm where grain has been fed, especially cotton or linseed meal, but the evidence may be read in the fertility of the soil. These grains are so rich in plant food that the animals take but a small per cent. in its passage through the body.

An interested reader of the *Farmer* from Somerset county urges that the country road question be not shelved with a single article in favor of better methods, but that it be made a prominent feature of the winter campaign, in the hope that something may be accomplished.

The *Farmer* would like to hear from those milkmen and dairymen who cut down their grain allowance to the cows on account of the higher cost the past year. Did they make more net money by that course? The question is asked for the information it will give to others as a guide to practice.

The good word comes from Aroostook that more land is being put under the plow than for many years. Let the work go on there, and everywhere else. The drouth has retarded this work in many sections, but there is still time to open many a field to the kindly effects of the frost.

Secretary Gilbert is just now in active demand, having urgent invitations to deliver addresses before the New York and Vermont Dairymen's Associations. The latter he may accept. Dr. Twitchell is to deliver one before the State meeting of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture.

An intelligent farmer, milking twenty-one cows, stated lately that five of these did not pay their way, though the average production of the whole herd was two hundred and twenty-five pounds yearly. At the same time he could not see that it would be for his interest to dispose of the five, and milk sixteen.

Corn, oats, wheat, clover—corn, oats, wheat, clover, this is the system at Cornell, a regular rotation. How different this from the plan so often adopted of mowing a field as long as it will yield a half ton to the acre, and then having nothing to turn over. Quick sales at small profits insure prosperity. May it not be so with our farms.

As a rule a dairy farm can be known as soon as the eye falls upon it. It tells of increasing fertility, of larger harvests. So, too, may one read at a glance the story when the hay is sold, but it is not so promising, there are not the same evidences of prosperity. A glance at the farms should settle the problem with the individual farmer.

"We find that manure and good care will insure a good crop of corn, potatoes or fruit in years when these crops are said to average no more than half a full crop," writes one of the enterprising farmers of this county. There is a lesson in this that it would be well if more farmers would heed. It is the thorough work that is successful, and where it is practiced a failure is seldom heard of.

Who can demonstrate that there is not more money in the well matured corn crop cut and put into the silo, stalks, husks and ears, than in any possible division? It's a serious question whether the sweet corn cannot be run into the silo with the husks, cobs and stalks, and more than forty-five dollars additional realized by feeding to dairy cows. Who will solve the problem? We wait an answer.

The best samples of private dairy butter shown at Orono last week, were made in one case from cream from grade Jerseys fed on linseed meal, cotton seed meal and sweet corn fodder, and in the other wheat bran, corn meal and sweet corn fodder. There's a whole volume here for him who will read between the lines, and in both cases a full measure of the success may be credited to the corn fodder.

The merchant who is able to pay his bills and add to his stock in trade and deposit in the bank, is doing a satisfactory business. Why, then, is not the farmer doing as well when his herds and flocks are increasing, and his fields growing richer? These are parallel cases. Both are increasing their stock in trade, both adding to their cash deposits. The balance is in favor of the farmer, because his bank never fails, and his checks are always honored. Instead of worrying about the possible selling value of the land, the objective point should be to make it so rich in production that you can't afford to sell it.

We visited a dairyman the other day, who was renovating his herd of cows. He wanted to improve the general status of his dairy, and do it expeditiously, and this was his method: He was fattening the inferior animals in the herd, and as soon as one beef was disposed of, the money that it brought, with more added to it if necessary, was expended for the purchase of a first-class milch cow. By this method he is reasonably sure that next year his dairy will do at least a third better than it has done the past season. This man on the start did not have an uncommonly poor dairy by any means, but had a fair grade of common milch stock. He will pick out the rough diamonds from other common herds about him, and soon possess a dairy equal to any.

Frequent are the flings made of late at "farmers going into politics," and not alone is it done in the partisan papers, but in many cases in the agricultural press as well. What is meant? Is it criminal, or in any way out of place for the farmers to give a measure of attention to political affairs? Is politics none of their business? We claim not, but insist that it is the farmer's duty, as it is every other citizen's duty, to give attention to political affairs, and to see to it that the interests of his class, as well as all other interests, are properly guarded. Some foolish claims may have been made by farmers' organizations, but this is no argument that farmers should be silenced into contempt, and relegated to the work of digging their potatoes and threshing their wheat, and forever hold their peace with public affairs. No, farmers have given too little attention to politics. If their conservatism were brought forward as a controlling force, the work of the political parties would be shorn of much that is now quite as objectionable as any action the farmers are now likely to bring about.

Institutes and Institute Work.

Very wisely the State has provided that in all educational matters certain recognized officials selected for a special purpose shall visit all parts of the State and there hold meetings, the prime objects of which shall be to encourage, strengthen and develop a greater interest in the calling, or in the object desired.

The State Supervisor of Schools organises the work from his standpoint, and calls in as assistants, recognized authorities who will aid in promoting a love for the advanced educational work of to-day. It is not alone the purpose to instruct, but to provoke discussion among the teachers, pupils and friends in each locality. For the self-same purpose the appropriation is made for the State Board of Agriculture, that the Secretary and members, with others, may hold institutes throughout the rural sections, and encourage and develop a more intense love for agriculture. The law requires the Secretary to hold two such meetings in every county, yearly. That these sessions may be of the greatest interest, and productive of the most enduring results, something is necessary on the part of the agricultural workers now on the farms. Each meeting is under the direction and control of the local member, and its success in a large measure depends upon the interest he manifests, and the efforts put forth to secure an attendance. These facts, patent to all, are at the same time overlooked, and responsibility for failure, if such occur, charged where it does not belong.

It is not the intent of the law that these sessions be made simply hours of instruction through set lectures, for these signally fail of accomplishing the end desired. The mission of the institute is to provoke discussion along those lines most helpful to the locality and the audience, and the work of the Secretary to guard against the introduction of erroneous theories or practices. Like the work of the Supervisor of Schools, this is educative, and the Secretary the protector of the interests of the State. Viewed in this light, and the responsibility for a failure in this branch of the work attaches at once to the local member, who neglects to work up an interest, or to the farmers who neglect the opportunities offered, either in not attending, or in failing to call out discussion of topics of greatest interest to them individually.

If the Secretary fails of his duty, the State, whose servant he is, will administer the penalty. If the local members neglect to advertise the meetings, to arrange details, or work up an interest, they are responsible to the corporate bodies which created them, but over the great body who fail to attend or participate no one can assume jurisdiction, and therefore they can sit by their grocery store chimney, or their own fireslides, and complain because the Board of Agriculture does not secure better results to the farmers of Maine.

As we have been writing, a farmer has driven past the window to attend the institute to-day, who has faced a cold west wind, twenty miles, to be present. A few weeks ago this same farmer drove nearly as far in another direction that he might be present at another. This class of farmers are being benefited directly and indirectly by the institutes held, and when the time comes that, with an earnest desire to know the best tools to success, secretary, members, and farmers generally, come together to discuss earnestly, intelligently, fearlessly, the problems of intensive agriculture, then, and not until then, will the results be in full harmony with the intent of the law.

Change of Name Proposed.

In the October issue of the State College *Cadet*, received from the publishers, is a letter from an Alumnus of the institution, in which he laments the small attendance during the past year, and considers ways and means by which the number of students should be increased. One of the influences tending toward the present dearth of students, he claims, is the unfortunate name which it bears, and the inference of course follows that a change of name is the thing which properly would be in order. This Alumnus does not directly state that "Agriculture" is the repulsive title with which the institution is hampered, but it is plainly to be read between the lines of the article that this is the objectionable word which he would have stricken off. We hardly think that since the general government placed agriculture as the corner stone of the institution, and the people of the State have since contributed their hundreds of thousands of dollars to build up its walls on that foundation, that they will now hardly concur in any sentiment that is prompted by the false idea that a name embodying agriculture, or other industries of life, is too repulsive to be useful. Ohio State University may turn its girls from its class rooms, Colby may relegate them to a back-yard annex, but the people of this State will never accept the mock sentiment that industry is so repulsive that all allied terms must be stricken from a State institution built and fostered for the very purpose its name now so properly expresses.

Athens and Skowhegan Institutes.

The farmers of northeastern Somerset testified to their appreciation of the worth of Farmers' Institutes by their presence, in spite of wind and rain, at the gathering at Athens last Tuesday. With a good shaped buck for a sample, Secretary Gilbert discussed the "Model Sheep," with special reference to the wants of Somerset county, the leading thought emphasized being the value of the mutton product. Secretary W. W. Hubbard, of the Provincial Farmers' Association, a live young farmer from New Brunswick, and one of the *Farmer's* well known correspondents, followed, his theme being "Breeds of Sheep." We shall publish Mr. Hubbard's paper in our next issue.

Mr. Hubbard is a graduate of Guelph, and an agriculturist in every fibre of his being, hence his conclusions, drawn from experience and observation, were of value and interest.

Mr. C. H. Moody, Turner, one of the few successful growers of early lambs, set forth his method of treating, feeding and breeding, in order to secure the product as soon as the market is open to receive it, laying especial stress on care, selection of breeding stock, and feed with reference to stimulating the reproductive organs.

To the surprise of all the evening meeting was as large as any, and those who came were well repaid in the admirable address of Hon. S. A. Hickox of Massachusetts, on "Renovation of New England Farms." Having taken one himself, of sixty-five acres in cultivation, and lifted it from a carrying capacity of twenty cows to one hundred and twenty, he was able to point out, understandingly, the path for others. Briefly stated, this was as follows:

The feeding of all the crops grown to the stock, construction of cemented cellars or pits where all the liquids can be collected, the gathering of large quantities of absorbents, muck, sand, leaves, straw, swale hay, anything counted as refuse material, capable of holding the dressing, and the liberal using of these. The absence of available potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid has resulted in what we term worn out farms. To make these farms remunerative these elements must be returned, but we can't afford to rely on the commercial article. Only when we have completely utilized the elements coming from the stock can we afford to go out and buy. Only when we like the industry can we make it remunerative. We want live men and women for successful farmers and farmers' wives. Put brains above muscle, and unite both on farm work, and success will be yours. Increase the product by more intensive methods, and insure results. Gather up the plant food all about the buildings and husband it carefully. Put your time and energy into your farm. When production falls to a ton and a half of hay, I turn over the sod and apply the dressing. Don't go any faster than you can go thoroughly. The secret of successful building in farm or dwelling, is a good foundation and thorough work. Get into the dairy. Keep good cows. Grow sheep such as the market wants. Grow them to the highest perfection. Don't be content with a fair product. Utilize—utilize everything in the way of plant food, and keep the land active in producing. Then our labor turns into money, our farms improve by liberal feeding of the dressing, resulting from the crops grown, and prosperity is ours. In no other way can it come.

Skowhegan.

A bright, clear, cool day should have insured a larger attendance at the institute here, but those who came went home repaid. Somehow farmers' gatherings don't thrive in large towns and villages. Most excellent music was furnished by a quartette led by the local member of the board, one of the best musicians in the State, Mr. A. R. Smiley. Hon. R. W. Ellis of Embden, Ex-President of the board, was called to the chair to preside, and the work opened with an object lesson in scoring by a fixed scale of points, and a discussion of the problem of breeding by G. M. Twitchell, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society. The scale used by the State Society, with the ideal description elaborated, was used as follows:

STRUCTURAL POINTS.	Perfection.	Judgment.
EYES. Prominent, clear, intelligent and expressive	4	
HEAD. Wide between the eyes, ears set well apart, of fair size and indicating energy; clean cut jaw, large, delicate nostrils, well rounded lower jaw and fine, firm lips	7	
NECK. Symmetrical in length and proportions, graceful and clean cut at throttle	5	
SHOULDERS. Flat and oblique for drivers, well rounded and straight for draft, strong at base and well finished at withers	3	
CHEST. Deep, full and prominent, good width	3	
FORE LEGS. Well formed, strong and muscular	3	
BARREL. For carriage, deep and well rounded, with long, springy ribs; round, with short ribs, for draft. Deep through flanks. Back, level, short and strong	5	
COUPLING. Smooth, strong and extending well forward over the point of the hips	5	
QUARTERS. Symmetrical, not too sloping, well rounded and muscular	4	
TAIL. Long, full, long straight, well set and fine in quality	2	
STIFLES AND GASKINS. Muscular, with good length of bone between joints, for drivers, and short for draft	4	
HOCK. Sound, strong, without too great an angle, free from puffiness	7	
KNEES. Neither sprung or calf kneed, broad, straight and strong	4	
CANNONS. Flat, broad, smooth, fine in quality, yet with abundant substance	3	
PASTERNS. Muscular, length, smooth, and for drivers at as angle of forty-five degrees, for draft, shorter and stronger	3	
FEET. Medium height, round, free from contracted heels, of good material, with full, elastic frog	8	
COLOR. Solid bay or seal brown, the standard	4	
SIZE. Fifteen two to sixteen hands and well proportioned, the ideal standard	6	
COAT. Glossy, fine and short	2	
SUBSTANCE.	4	
SYMMETRY	4	
ACTION. Easy elastic, pure, straight and even	6	
STYLE. Position of horse when standing, and carriage when in motion	4	
Total on structure	100	

With four horses before him the speaker, as he scored, discussed and compared. On the walls hung a large chart showing the bony structure, and the one point aimed at was that of conformation for special work, the Doctor evidently believing that the day has passed for a general purpose animal to be the most profitable for the farmer to grow. Pointing out the reasons why the general conformation should be the same throughout, he showed, by the individuals present, how the mingling of draft and driving strains resulted in animals built neither for the road or plow, the sloping shoulder of the driver, and the short quarter and straight haunch bone of the draft, combined in one animal, neutralizing the greatest possible good of either. Questions were freely asked and answered. The horse of to-day, to be successfully bred, must be a roadster throughout, or built for active and heavy work on the team. Between these two types may be found the thousands maturing at a loss to growers. Which one is to be selected must depend upon the tastes and ideals of the individual breeder. To grow good roadsters at a profit, they must be roadsters in fact as well as family, with size, color, disposition, intelligence, substance and driving conformation. No man can fail who stamps his own individuality on this class of horses. In breeding be sure that, if there is weakness in any part, or a failing below the desired standard in one animal, the other is exceptionally strong in that particular. Don't multiply bad tendencies. Breed for positive virtues. Study conformation with special reference to fitness. Secure the introduction of the fixed scale of points and score card by your several agricultural societies, because these secure more accurate measurements by parts, and insure the real object desired in competition, which is educative. Remember that the perfect horse has never yet been bred, and where one fails in one direction, another will in another, and that in the sum total of good qualities one finds the better animal. The full appreciation of this will not be found, until, by some such system, an animal is examined by parts, and for the time being the whole structure is forgotten.

This exercise was held in the rink, and was brought to a close only by the approach of the dinner hour.

In the afternoon, Hon. Thomas Daggett, Ex-President of the board, discussed "Corn as a Fodder Crop," speaking substantially as follows:

It seems to me that the valley of the Kennebec is adapted to corn raising over any other section, and that it may be made a profitable crop for any farmer. Why, then, is so little grown, compared with what might be produced? Is it not because we have not concentrated our efforts on certain specific operations? Cost of production, then, must engage our attention, because only by a knowledge of this can we determine our lines of action. There is a line of operations which would surely be profitable. The difficulty is, we do not keep up with progressive ideas and methods.

Corn as a fodder crop is the best that can be grown, and no crop leaves the land in better condition for other crops than corn. The great question to be solved, is how to get the value out of the crop, when grown. The cost of one acre was given as follows:

Plowing	$3 00
Harrowing	1 00
Planting	1 00
Hoeing	3 00
Harvesting	6 00
Seed, 12 to 14 qts	75
Manure, ½ of amount applied	10 00
Applying same	3 00
Commercial fertiliser	6 75
Total	$40 50

The labor item was here figured at day wages for both men and teams. In the matter of amount of manure to charge to this crop, Mr. Daggett followed a well-established rule, that on clay loam soil not more than one-third the amount spread is taken by the corn crop. Many experienced growers go even farther than this, and claim that better crops can be grown after one year in corn, without additional dressing, than without this crop.

"The yield," said Mr. Daggett, "has been fifteen tons of yellow corn and fodder per acre. This is cut down just as the kernels begin to glaze, and the whole run under the cutter, which chops it fine, and then dumped into the silo. This saves the expense of curing, husking, shelling and grinding, and insures you the full grain, matured and ready for the animal. This yield of fifteen tons of corn and fodder will keep six cows 200 days, in connection with three tons, seven hundred pounds of hay. Allowing each cow twenty-five pounds of ensilage, and six pounds of good hay, the expense for this length of time would be $12.75 per head. Now add one pint of cotton seed meal and one quart of mixed grain, daily, oats, peas and barley, and you will have a grand good ration, the whole cost for entire time being $17 per cow. This is liberal feeding, and will keep in good condition. If you haven't a silo, build one at once, because you can't afford to go to the expense of curing, husking, shelling, etc. For feeding purposes, we get the full value of stalk and grain in the silo. The expense of taking from the field and packing in the silo is not over $6.75 per acre. Rows are three feet apart; plant in drills, dropping kernels four inches apart. I cultivate all I can, commencing with the Thomas smoothing harrow, and continuing as late as possible. Thorough cultivation is the secret of successful corn growing, and the corn crop, in connection with the dairy, is giving me entire satisfaction. If by better methods we can reduce the cost of production, the full measure of profit can be assured. Do a larger business, and so make a success out of the business."

Sec'y Gilbert—The question of superiority of sweet over yellow corn is constantly being raised. Is there any evidence that it is superior to yellow? We know nothing of this. The excess of sugar, if there is any, is a cause for extra fermentation in the silo, which of course affects the ensilage. One reason for the apparent choice of the sweet fodder is because it is cut before fully matured, and also because of the size of the stalks.

A. T. Clifford, Winthrop, "How to Grow Corn"—My specialty is dairying, and I am after feed at the lowest cost. I feel certain that I can grow sweet corn, selling to the factory and feeding the stalks, and then taking the cash returns and buying grain, and do better than by growing yellow corn. The first step necessary is that all-important one of seed. Look well to the seed. In plowing, remember that it doesn't cost as much per acre to plow ten acres as two. My practice is to plow in the fall, just before freezing, spread my summer supply of dressing, and leave until early in the spring, when I add the winter make, and harrow thoroughly some time before planting. Plant in drills; watch the piece, and as soon as weeds start, go over it with the harrow. When the corn is two inches high, go over again and kill the small weeds. Cultivate frequently, but never permit deep cultivation, which disturbs the roots. I find the cost of growing per acre to be:

Plowing per acre, when I have eight or ten acres in the piece	$2 00
Getting manure on the ground	1 50
Spreading same	1 50
Pulverizing soil	1 50
Planting	1 00
Cultivating	4 00
	$13 00

My sweet corn sold at the factory brought me $50 per acre. If manure is hauled any distance, the expense would of course be greater. Sweet corn is more delicate than yellow, requires more attention, but the above figures cover the cost, and with the fodder, good hay, and a fair grain ration, I am producing butter at fifteen cents per pound. There's nothing like the corn crop in connection with the dairy for building up our farms.

Although the afternoon was waning, Mr. Hickox was called out to discuss the question elaborated at Athens the day before, and in an interesting manner told the story of the work accomplished, and possible for any.

Prof. A. E. Rogers, of the State College, gave an interesting and valuable lecture in the evening on "Taxation." Evidently the speaker has given close attention to the subject, and the array of facts and figures presented must have been convincing. Especially did he plead for the recommendations of the Special Tax Commission and the Listing bill, presented at the last legislature.

State Lecturer Twitchell followed, urging that, instead of criticising existing parties, and neither voting nor acting in the primaries, it was the first and highest duty of every citizen to place himself in the party of his choice, and labor faithfully for what to him is right. Citizens of a town or State have a duty which cannot be shirked, and when it is performed existing evils will be remedied. This means far more than the success of a party, for it involves the highest principles of government, and parties are not the end, but the organized means.

A hearty vote of thanks to the Grange for the use of the hall, and the choir for the grand music furnished, closed the sessions of Somerset institutes for 1891.

While farmers living within one mile of the hall were unable to attend or to remain, others drove from fifteen to twenty miles, and were the last to leave the hall when the sessions closed.

Butter Tests at the Columbian Fair.

Speaking of the recent meeting of the Columbian Dairy Association at Chicago, and the action taken concerning butter tests, the *London Daily* says:

The Jersey breeders insisted that the determination should be made by the churn, backed by chemical analysis of the butter; but considerable opposition was encountered, and they had to give way. In this country the Jersey Cattle Society conduct their annual tests by the churn which, so far as the butter making breeds are concerned, is, after all, the most practical test. It is of little value to a farmer to know that the milk he produces contains 5 per cent. of butter fat as shown by analysis, if he can only obtain 4 per cent. by the churn, and the American experiments in the past have been clearly shown that the milks of different cows show a more or less degree of what is termed churnability—that is, word, the churn will extract a large percentage of the fat from the milk of one animal and perhaps but a small percentage from the milk of the other.

The above is all sound save the statement that the Jersey breeders "gave way." The Jersey breeders in this case, as in all others, insisted on the churn as a test, and it was finally decided in accordance with their demands. The premises are eminently sound that the only reliable way to test the butter making capacity of a cow is to *make the butter.*

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

In Hearty Sympathy.

Mr. Editor: I notice by the Boston *Herald* and Lewiston *Journal* that at the meeting of the Kennebec County Grange at Windsor, Nov. 6th, an attack was made upon the Maine Board of Agriculture; also upon the Maine State College at Orono.

As I was not present at that meeting, I wish to correct an impression which may exist in the minds of the public as regards the County Grange. I will say, such an attack must have been made without forethought; for I know that ninety-nine of every one hundred of the practical, progressive farmers of Kennebec are in hearty sympathy with both the Board of Agriculture and Maine State College. We are all well aware that with the limited means voted by the State in past years, the work of the Board has been very much crippled, and consequently the rule holds good, "that from nothing you will get nothing." But in proportion to the means at command, great good has come to the farmers of Maine through the untiring efforts of the Maine Board of Agriculture. With the more liberal support granted by the last legislature, we shall see greater problems solved, more meetings held, more information scattered over the State, and better opportunities for the farmers to meet and discuss topics pertaining to their business. We cannot do without the Board of Agriculture. They are practical men—men who have made a success of the business; therefore can teach those who are just starting out on their own account to seek for themselves the fortune that lies buried in mother earth.

As I understand the point of attack on the Board was, that it did not teach farmers to get more money with less labor from their farms. Now, Mr. Editor, here is the point. We have lots of grumbling farmers trying to farm, without labor, and the cry goes up from such, that *farming* don't pay. This is not what we want to learn. It is, how we can do the most work and get the best results. We want more farmers that will make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.

One word in regard to the point of attack upon the State College, and I close. If you, Mr. Editor, or the gentleman who made this attack, sends his son to the college, and when he graduates, chooses some other calling other than farming, who is to blame? Why attack the State College? Why kill the goose that lays the golden egg?

J. HENRY MOORE,
Master Kennebec Co. Grange.
Winthrop, Nov. 16th.

For the Maine Farmer.

Home Attachment.

"Dear is that hut to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, at eventide comforting sounds meloni,
Clings close and closer to his mother's breast,
So the rude tempest and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountain more."

I have met with people in other States who had a very contemptuous opinion of the State of Maine. They would not live there if they could have the gift of the best piece of farm property the State contained, and they wonder that any one can be content to live in such a "beggarly land of ice." Such persons should remember that there is such a thing as home attachment. The place where he was born, the scenes of his early life, and the pleasures and privileges of which no habitable spot is destitute, are apt to become a part of one's existence; and the inconveniences and evils, from which, also, no country is free, become bearable by custom and by methods of amelioration always at hand. It is also well to remember that ignorance and prejudice often constitute the foundation of our feelings. Ignorance means want of knowledge, and a prejudice is an opinion or feeling formed on erroneous grounds. The State of Maine is not that Siberian region that many have pictured it. We raise everything in abundance that is necessary for the comfort of man. And our surplus products are more than is necessary for the procurement of luxuries that our climate does not afford. It is doubtful if there is a State in the Union that is increasing in material prosperity any faster than Maine. And as to pleasure, we have not only a good supply for ourselves, but also for numerous visitants who come here from the over-populated and festering centres, to enjoy our cool retreats, our bountiful subsistence, our richly stocked forests, lakes and rivers.

We ask, then, that our friends of regions reputed more salubrious do not take the trouble to pity us, as if we were poor, for we are rich. Rich in the enjoyment of a climate productive of a robust health and strength; rich in a soil that requires only intelligent treatment to make it bountifully productive; rich in facilities for enjoyment, and rich indeed in hard cash, of which we have enough to buy some of the vaunted localities now held up before the public, and have enough left to carry on our business. No, don't pity us, but pity those, and we will join them, too, whom the vices of business have thrown adrift upon the world, without the means of support. Of course I have not intended to deny the severity of our climate in winter, or that we have inconveniences and drawbacks, or that the poor are always with us. Something in regard to these evils I may perhaps give in another number.

ALBERT PEASE.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Elements of the Sciences in the Schools.

To convert means to turn. This is the briefest, most simple, and withal the most truthful definition which can be given. It follows, then, that a man needs to be converted as often as he is in error. This fact holds true in matters political, educational, religious and social. That man who never changes his views upon these topics becomes in time rather pig-headed, and is sure to get behind the times. He who never is convinced of error, or who, convinced, refuses to turn, never makes any progress. If men would only recognize the importance of turning, they would be more ready to hear and accept evidence than some of them now are.

When the Maine State Grange first took action in regard to introducing the elements of the natural sciences into the common

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 26, 1891.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in west Kennebec county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

The Christmas tree traffic from Maine has begun. They are shipped to the West Indies, South America and Australia.

The President of the United States is forbidden, by a law of the land, to leave our territory while holding his office.

The farmers are beginning to bring in their "porkers," and from now out many stories will be related as regards the farmer who raises the heaviest hog.

Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell of the *Farmer* has been invited to attend the winter meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, to be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Dec. 1st, 2d, and 3d.

Mr. Mills of Texas is supposed at present to have the largest number of pledged supporters for the Speakership, with Crisp second, and Springer, Bynum and the other aspirants with a few each.

The Rockland creamery made 5000 pounds of butter last month, the most ever made at this season, in the history of the institution. The farmers are also receiving more money, which is also satisfactory.

In order to keep pace with the growing, prosperous county, the Presque Isle *Star-Herald* makes its bow to the public as an eight page paper. It now contains fifty-six columns, being just double the size of the old original *North Star*.

The first session of the 52d Congress will begin a week from next Monday, and both the Senate chamber and Representatives' hall have been thoroughly prepared for the long session which will then commence and probably continue all summer.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Youth's Companion* is a superb issue, and shows as much as anything, the progress made in literature for children. And when it is remembered that this weekly paper is sent to subscribers at $1.75, the wonder grows. Published at Boston.

The National Republican Committee, at its meeting in Washington, on Monday, decided that the national convention for the nomination of a candidate for President of the United States, shall be held in the city of Minneapolis, Minn., on the 7th of June next. Hon. J. S. Clarkson was selected as chairman of the committee. The call for the convention was issued Tuesday.

There can be no atheism amid the grand works of God's creation. A writer in the *Century* says: "I crossed the St. Gothard; there was danger, but the scene is sublime, Godlike. No one knows what poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the route, on the plateau, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible on the Alps."

Why, even the immaculate Australian ballot system seems to have its imperfections. At the recent State election in Massachusetts, an ingenious scheme was practiced, where one of the clerks went through the votes and put an extra cross opposite the name of a candidate for Governor, thus invalidating about fifty votes that had been marked by a voter for the candidate on the other side.

The committee appointed at a meeting in Waterville, ten days ago, to canvass among the farmers of that section for cows for a creamery to be established there, by E. K. Bradford, manager of the Turner Creamery, reported Saturday afternoon, that the necessary number of cows, three hundred, has been obtained, and the creamery was practically assured. The number of cows can be easily doubled if the industry proves successful.

At the foot of the stairs leading to the hall in Skowhegan, where the farmers' institute was held, an enterprising trader had fitted his large show window to represent a farm scene. In one corner in the straw was a nest of eggs, in another a pile of vegetables; standing about were sheaves of grain and stalks of corn; a sheep stood in one corner, and over all, with his pitchfork in hand, stood the farmer. We wonder if he took any of the patrons as a model for dress and whiskers.

The man who claims to be the original rain-maker, one Michael Cahill, M. D., of California, is to urge his claims before congress this winter. He bears no resentment toward Gen. Dyrenforth for stealing his thunder, so to speak, but fears that this gentleman's vigorous bombardment of the heavens, may cause floods and earthquakes, which would be a great injury to the country! The general will hardly be called out because of apprehensions of this sort, however, judging from the results of his experiments thus far. If there is anything in this business, we just wish they would come down to Maine and explode a few bombs.

The New Hampshire people are a good deal like our own people in thriftiness. The deposits in the savings banks there are $69,531,000, which, with the $1,527,000 on deposit with the trust companies, makes a total of $71,058,000. This is an increase of $4,285,000 over last year, and the number of depositors also shows a gain of 6480, the whole number being 168,264. No stronger evidence than this could be given of the prosperity of the State. It is a convincing proof of the falseness of the statement, made by those who have been preaching calamity and proclaiming that the industries of New England are decaying. When nearly every other person in the State is a savings bank depositor, and the total deposits would give about $200 to every man, woman and child, there does not appear to be much fear of declining prosperity.

It is good news which comes from the officers of the State Agricultural Society. The Treasurer has already paid:

Cal. Jerrard, note and interest (money refunded 1890)	$368 06
Manufacturers National Bank, note and interest	1020 50
Mechanics Savings Bank, note and interest	1841 00
Mechanics Savings Bank, note and interest	1953 11
Grand Stand, note and interest	9151 18
$5020 note, shoe and Leather Bank	5226 67
Interest on Mortgage loan of $30,000 to January, 1892	776 67
	$20365 67

Since the above was in type, Treasurer Eveleth has added another $376 06 to the credit of the State Agricultural Society, thus reducing debt and interest $10,361.51. This, we understand, leaves the total debt Dec. 1, 1891, $22,500, and a balance to cover incidentals for the present. This is the kind of management the State desires, and the results are equally gratifying to all.

The Bath ship Shenandoah, arrived at Havre, Friday, 100 days out from San Francisco. Three other ships left the Golden Gate on the same day with the Shenandoah. They were the American ship D. S. Carleton and the British ships Balkamah and Strathearn. All four were bound for Havre, loaded with grain. The Strathearn was looked upon as the most likely winner as she has a great reputation for speed. The Shenandoah, however, got the best of the race, and upheld the always undimmed honor of the American merchant marine. The Shenandoah is the third largest sailing ship afloat, the largest being the French ship La France, and the second largest the Rappahannock. The Shenandoah is commanded by Capt. Murphy, of Bath, and carries a crew of about forty men. She was built and is owned by Arthur Sewall & Co., of Bath.

LET US BE THANKFUL. Our Heavenly Father openeth His hand, and satisfies the longing of every needy soul. And this is the day set apart by the Executives of the Nation and State, to render Thanksgiving for all our multiplied mercies. As Americans, we have peculiar cause for Thanksgiving. Our harvests have been phenomenally plentiful, and our tables, in accordance with the grand old custom handed down to us by our Puritan ancestors, will to-day be spread with a bountiful repast. Throughout the length and breadth of our land this feast will be laid, to which practically all will in some way be invited, the poor, as well as the rich, the prisoners and outcasts, even, as well as those more favored.

On the other side of this little world of ours, in Russia, that grim land of terror, there are to-day not thousands, but millions, famine stricken; trying to keep their little spark of life by devouring pounded grass, stubble, anything, and winter—a Russian winter—at their door. It is hard to grasp in our minds these millions of men and women, and saddest of all, the little ones begging their parents for the food they have not. Those ghosts of gaunt want rise up before us at the boards covered with plenty on this day of feasting.

More than any other, this festival appeals directly to that love of home and kindred which is implanted in every human heart. It knits the ties anew. It softens the asperities and corrects the misunderstandings between kith and kin; while its heartiness and good cheer penetrate the broader field of the general community, and help to unite the whole in bonds of brotherly love. More than all this, it enforces with increasing emphasis at each recurring season, the great lesson of our dependence upon a Higher Power for all the blessings we enjoy, including life itself. Is it not well to still for a time the feverish pulses of trade for a calmer and more earnest contemplation of these loftier ideas? To give freer play to those inherent promptings of the soul which lead us to look beyond this circumscribed life to the grander arena of the great future? In this broader view, Thanksgiving comes upon us like a benediction. So we may sing with Phœbe Cary:

O man! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart,
O woman! weary with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years to-day, and come,
As children back to childhood's home!

Follow again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you went
When climbing up the summer hills
In their green laps you sat content,
And softly leaned your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
So lightly trodden by your feet
When all you knew of life was good,
And all you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let fond memory lead you back
O'er youthful Love's enchanted track!

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs,
Drink from the mossy well once more,
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
With the sweet clover running o'er;
And count the treasure at your feet
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again
Whose circle once was glad and gay,
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverent head
And mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er thy life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still!

And though where home hath been you stand
To-day in silen loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though no friend nor lover sigh,
The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasure that we love.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER MAN GONE. Mr. Royal W. Lincoln died, Wednesday, at his home in Brunswick (where he has resided during the latter years of his life), from the effects of a paralytic shock. He was born in Portland, August 18th, 1809, and was therefore 82 years of age. Mr. Lincoln was educated in the public schools, and then entered his father's dry goods store on Middle street, where he was employed as clerk. Subsequently he became his father's partner, under the firm name of R. Lincoln & Son. The firm disbanded in 1837, and Mr. Lincoln then became deeply interested in politics. He was employed for some time by J. and W. E. Edwards, on the *Daily Advertiser*, and for a short time was connected with the *State of Maine*, under John A. Poor. In 1841, when Col. S. R. Lyman was appointed Postmaster by President Tyler, Mr. Lincoln was chosen chief clerk, holding the office for several years. After leaving the post office, Mr. Lincoln was engaged on the *Eastern Argus*, and when the *Daily Press* was established, he was chosen by Hon. Newell A. Foster as his city editor. Mr. Lincoln held that position until 1868, when he became the market editor, holding the position a short time. He then retired from active business, moving to Brunswick, where he, for the rest of his life, resided with his family.

During the days he was actively engaged in journalism, probably no man in the State had a larger political and business acquaintance in the State than he. During his last years, when confined so closely by the nature of his illness, he retained his remarkable memory and his sweetness of disposition. Mr. Lincoln married Miss Hannah Brewer of Robbinston, who, with three daughters and a son, survive him.

These extracts give some idea of the kindliness of feeling, of the humanity and charity of General Sherman's nature. His letters are full of good words for his fellow officers, and in one letter to his children, he states there are no jealousies there.

REV. THOMAS HILL, D. D., Dead. Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., ex-President of Harvard College, died in Waltham, Mass., Saturday, aged 73 years. Rev. Mr. Hill was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1818. The son of an Englishman, he was left an orphan while very young, and was apprenticed to a printer for three years, when he was twelve years old. He then went to Lower Dublin Academy, near Philadelphia, one year, and was then apprenticed to an apothecary in New Brunswick.

He afterward entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1843, and at the divinity school two years later. He then went to Waltham, Mass., where he was settled over a Unitarian congregation, and preached there 14 years. In 1859 he succeeded Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, Ohio, and while there was also pastor of the Church of the Redeemer in Cincinnati. Chosen President of Harvard in 1862, he held that office until 1868, when he resigned on account of impaired health.

He retired to Waltham, and in 1871 served in the State Legislature, after which he accompanied Louis Agassiz in his coast survey exhibition to South America. On his returning he accepted a call from the First Parish Unitarian church in Portland, Me., where he has since resided. He was probably one of the finest scholars in this country, a tender, affectionate preacher, and a gentleman dearly beloved by all denominations. He had written many books.

During all this period of the scarcity of water, there has been one wet place in Maine—Eastport. At no time this season has that or her neighboring towns been inconvenienced by a scarcity of water. Of course, with her fine system of water works and never failing supply, Eastport would not, under any circumstances, be affected only in those remote places of the town where wells and cisterns are depended on. All in all, Old Prob. has been very generous in his apportionment of climatic blessings to that favored corner of the Union, for the year now drawing to a close.

One of the large oaks at Oakhurst, in the town of Hebron, measures ten feet and four inches in circumference, ten feet from the ground. The limbs spread ninety-two feet. The tree is very symmetrical, the limbs measuring forty-six feet in length on both sides, and reaching across to its companion on the opposite side of the road. The tree is known to be ninety-four years old.

Let us be truly thankful this Thanksgiving that La Grippe has not made its reappearance this season, to any extent, in this State. Everybody is fearful, however, that it may come.

It is highly probable that the next reunion of the 3d Me. Regiment Association, will be held in the city of Washington, during the week of the National Encampment, G. A. R.

GEN. SHERMAN TO HIS CHILDREN. The great General's home life was particularly tender and touching. He was stimulated by universal good-fellowship and hatred of snobbery. He was a man of much literary ability. He talked well, but he wrote better than he talked, and in his honest, confiding nature he laid bare his soul to his friends and his family. His domestic relations were almost ideal ones, and the love between him and Senator Sherman was that of the closest friendship and brotherhood.

Throughout his whole life, from the time he left Lancaster to become a cadet at West Point, weekly and during stirring periods daily, he wrote to his brother John the story of the events around him, the picture of his intellectual and material life, and his views of the men and the things with which he was connected.

These letters describe his life on the Pacific slope in the days when gold was discovered. They tell the inside story of army movements, General Sherman's opinions of statesmen and generals, and give the vivid pictures of the war as they were photographed before and after battles on one of the most powerful and sensitive brains connected with the Rebellion. They give the inside story of the political ambitions of many times after the war, and they are full of unwritten history. These letters, numbering hundreds, Senator Sherman handled with a loving touch and filed carefully away among his family treasures. He wrote with his own hand replies to the letters as they came to him, and these gave as vivid a picture of the doings at Washington during the war, and for a quarter of a century following it as the General's letters did of camps and battle fields. Here is a letter written while General Sherman was only a military professor at the State military academy in Louisiana. It is dated Alexandria, Louisiana, January 22, 1860:

"*Dear Little Minnie:* I will soon have a good house, so next year you and mamma, Lizzie, Willie and Tommy and the baby will all come down to Louisiana, where, maybe, we will live all our lives. I think you will like it very much. There is no snow here now. * * * The grass is beginning to grow, and the trees begin to look as though we would soon have flowers, but generally the leaves do not sprout till about March. Tell Willie that as soon as he can read I will write to him very often, for I know that he loves me very much—more than any one else—unless he has changed. When he comes here he will have no sled, but I will get a pony for him to ride. * *

YOUR LOVING PAPA."

A short time after this letter was written, the evidences of the approaching war, convinced General Sherman, that he would have to give up his hope of having a home in Louisiana. He writes in affecting terms concerning his disappointment, at having to become again a wanderer, and to have to leave his children at Lancaster to grow up without their papa. In this letter, written December 15, 1860, while he is yet in Louisiana, he writes the following:

"Men are blind and crazy. They think all the people of Ohio are trying to steal their slaves, and to incite them to rise up and kill their masters. I know this is a delusion, but when people believe a delusion they believe it harder than a real fact, and these people of the South, are going for this delusion, to break up the government under which we live!"

In another letter he describes the horrors of the approaching war, and tells his children that the people of the South think they are defending their country, and urges them to remember how easy it is for people to be deluded into thinking they are right, and into advancing step by step till war, death and destruction are upon them. He tells them not to get in the habit of calling hard names, such as rebels or traitors, and writes full of sorrow, but with charity for the South, saying:

"I cannot but look on these people as my old friends. Every day I meet old friends whom we would shoot me dead if I were to go outside of camp, and who look upon me as a brutal wretch."

In these letters he recalls again and again reminiscences of his children. He reminds Minnie of the days of her babyhood, and gives her advice as to her study and habits. From Memphis, in October, 1862, he writes a long, loving letter, one sentence of which would be a good sermon for the school girls of to-day. It is:

"When you study, study hard; learn to apply yourself so that when you are at work you think of nothing else, and when you are done with your books, let your mind run free. I have seen a great many young ladies, and know that such are more interesting, who are not forward or bashful. The truth lies between. Modesty is the most beautiful feature in a young girl, but it should not degenerate into bashfulness. Think yourself as good as any, but never think yourself better than the poorest child of all. * * Write to me often, and write like mamma. Nobody can write better than she. Think of me as

YOUR FOND FATHER."

In other letters, General Sherman describes in words a child can understand, some of his early marches. He writes of battles and fighting and graphically pictures the horrors of war. He asks his children "to pray every night that the war may end, not because they want him home, but that our whole people may not become robbers and murderers."

He writes of his love for his family, and his sorrow at being away from it, and grieves over his separation. After saying how much happier they could all be were the land in peace and they were all in a cottage in St. Louis together, he goes on:

"But no; you are in Lancaster and I am here (at Memphis), the stern and cruel tyrant, the slave of a despotic master—Lincoln. Hundreds of children like yourself, are taught to daily curse my name, and each night thousands kneel in prayer, and beseech the almighty to consign me to perdition. Such is war."

ALMY ON THE STAND—THE SENTENCE OF DEATH. With the exception of the scenes attending the execution, the last public act in the life of the despicable murderer, Almy, has been enacted, and he has been put in the murderer's cell, to await the hour of execution.

Almy was put upon the stand to testify, Wednesday. The first sensation was the confession of the prisoner's counsel that Almy was no other than George H. Abbott, the long wanted Vermont burglar.

Almy occupied the stand for three hours, and amid much sobbing recited a volume of trivial incidents tending to impress the jury that his victim really loved him, and that they were separated by the parents. This apparently was done to base his excuse for unpremeditated murder.

It was nearly dark when he came to the story of the murder, and the crowd with eager expectation awaited his version of the terrible affair, and a death-like silence prevailed in the court room.

His plea was blind passion, which scarcely explains the elaborate disposition of the remains, to try and hide the fact that he had violated the girl's person while she was still alive.

Said he, "I thought that I must see her that night or not at all. As I went toward the 'Vale of Temps,' I felt that I must lose no chance of seeing her. As the four ladies came along I took a position by the bars under the trees.

"I could hear Christie's voice, and the days of waiting became as nothing. I tried to still my emotion as I stepped out to speak to the ladies. Mrs. Warden denied that she knew me, and I felt that extra efforts must be made. The women were screaming, and Christie and I got through the bars. I felt that if I could get her alone a moment I could explain all.

Going over the bars with Christie, with my arm about her waist, we stumbled, then I heard noises around me. Fanny was screaming, and there were voices on the hill. As they seemed to come nearer I told Fanny to stand back, then I fired my revolver towards her, not thinking to shoot her. I was stunned by my fall in the brook. I was part of the time on my hands and knees. I must have Christie.

The voices continued to increase. I was on the ground, and Christie was unconscious. In some way the pistol was fired, how I do not know. Then when I saw Christie was shot, I exclaimed, 'My God! Christie is dead!'

I was dazed. I saw a man ou the hill, and told him to stand back. Then I went to the river and returned to the Warden barns, where I watched them as they brought in the body. I thought it could not be Christie. I visited Christie's grave the next Tuesday night, and threw myself down on the grave."

The prisoner broke down several times while giving his testimony.

There was another immense crowd in the court room on Thursday, when the Hon. Alvin Burleigh, senior counsel for the defence, rose to make the closing argument for the defence. He did not deny the killing, but claimed that it was not premeditated, that the offence could be found to be no more than murder in the second degree. Mr. Burleigh then argued that Almy's stay about the scene of the crime was conclusive proof that the prisoner's story of his motives was the true one, and that love for the girl he had killed had alone kept him at the scene of his crime. Sentiment of the kind shown since the crime, and in court, cannot be simulated. Mr. Burleigh's argument occupied an hour and twenty minutes, and was listened to with almost breathless attention. Attorney General Barnard, for the government, argued that no appreciable time was really needed for malice aforethought and premeditation in the mind. If the idea was conceived at all, it was immaterial as to the length of time prior to the murder. The argument was convincing.

At 2 o'clock, Thursday afternoon, the court came in, and the decision of the judges was handed to the clerk to be read. The verdict finds Almy guilty of murder in the first degree, and he is sentenced to be hanged the first Tuesday in December, 1892.

The prisoner was at once conveyed to the State Prison at Concord. By direction of Sheriff Brigham, the prisoner was obliged to walk on his crutches from the cars to the barge in which he was to be conveyed to the prison, a distance of several rods. He walked with much difficulty, and was obliged to stop two or three times to rest. He was surrounded by sheriffs and the police force. As he approached the barge, cries of "Hang him," "String him up with a rope," and "Lynch him," were heard. After he got into the barge a fur coat was placed about his shoulders, and the barge, containing the prisoner and ten officers, was driven to the prison.

Almy's nearest neighbor in the prison is Sawtelle, who will soon be executed for killing his brother Hiram.

The following record is entered on the prison books against Christie Warden's murderer:

Name—Frank C. Almy.
Age—Twenty-two.
Height—5 feet, 8 inches.
Eyes—Hazel.
Hair—Brown.
Complexion—Medium.
Birthplace—Boston, Mass.
Condition—Single.
Habits—Temperate.
Religion—Protestant.
Education—Read and write.
Weight—150 pounds.

He ate a light supper, and was taken to the cell, which will probably be his home until the execution.

This is one of those heinous cases where the full penalty of the law seems eminently appropriate; this punishment alone fitting the crime committed.

REWARD OFFERED FOR A MURDERER. At a largely attended town meeting, held on Wednesday, in Waldoboro, the following vote was unanimously passed: Voted, to instruct the selectmen to offer a reward of one thousand dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Edwin E. Moore.

Our readers will recall the crime. On Monday morning, Sept. 28th, the lifeless body of Edwin E. Moore of Union was found in the rear of the Waldoboro Exchange hotel, lying on the ground with his arms folded and a bottle partially filled with whiskey, and an empty tumbler lying by his side. Coroner Seth E. Patterson held an inquest, which lasted several days. Many witnesses were examined, and much conflicting testimony was brought out. A medical examination was made by physicians who found bruises on the left leg, every rib on the right side was broken and driven in, and strong marks were on the throat, the liver was ruptured, and other organs terribly injured.

They testified at the inquest that Moore's death was caused by violence. The last seen of Moore was in the Exchange Hotel about ten o'clock Sunday night. The coroner's inquest rendered a verdict that Edwin E. Moore came to his death on the 28th of September in or about the Waldoboro Exchange Hotel, so called, by violence by some person or persons unknown to the jury. The grand jury at the term of court recently held at Wiscasset had the case under consideration, but were unable to find any bill. But the people of Waldoboro were not willing to let the matter rest that way.

WORSE THAN AT FIRST THOUGHT. The *Farmington Chronicle* says that the A. E. Blanchard business looks worse instead of better. Enough has been learned to show that the Maine Banking Company of Kansas City is in very bad shape through Blanchard's misdeeds. It is now said Blanchard's own family has been swindled out of their hard earned savings, to say nothing about the hundreds of others who were persuaded by him to invest their funds. He invested $18,000 for Bates College, and there are grave doubts if anything will be realized from it. Blanchard has not been seen since he left Augusta, on his return, as supposed, to Kansas City to meet Mr. Clark, and no trace of his whereabouts can be learned. The extent of his defalcation is estimated as high as $75,000, and nobody seems to know what has become of the money; the capital stock of his banking company is practically worthless.

Book agents, beware! A farmer in Nebraska killed one a few days ago. He was importuning the farmer, who struck him on the head with a cane, inflicting a fatal blow.

The Florida orange crop is said to be abundant. It is expected that oranges will retail at a low figure before many days.

Maine Agricultural News.

—Last week the Bangor Creamery Company sent 1,200 pounds of butter to Bermuda. There is a demand for the creamery butter in places far distant from Bangor.

—H. F. Webb's canning factory at Leeds Centre closed last week, after the most successful season since the factory was built. Two hundred thousand cans of corn have been packed, from one hundred and twenty acres. These goods are labeled Webb's Cream Sugar Corn, Oriental Brand. The labels are the most expensive ever used. A large amount of apple, squash and pumpkin have been canned. In order to secure satisfactory boxes and crates, the lumber was purchased and carpenters employed to make them. Mr. Fred B. Greene of Wilton had charge of the factory, and conducted the business in a manner to win the respect of the company.

—This is the season of the year when hogs become acrobats, and hang by their heels. Many fine ones have performed this difficult acrobatic feat of late about here.

—The Belfast *Journal* tells people they had better patronize the home markets, and says: "Some of our farmer neighbors make a mistake when they ship their produce abroad. Beans for instance, bring from $1.85 to $2 per bushel in our local markets. A farmer recently shipped a lot to Boston, which he sold for $2 per bushel, but after paying commission, freight, etc., the beans netted him $1.45 per bushel. He could have done better by selling them at home."

—The West Waldo Agricultural Society has elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: L. C. Morse, President; W. H. Moody, Secretary; S. T. Young, Treasurer; with ten Directors.

—Mr. G. G. Abbott of Northport has received returns from his two and a half acres of sweet corn which he hauled to the canning establishment at Camden. He received $100, and considers the factory when taking into consideration the amount of fodder fed to his cows. The returns are better than $50 per acre. Mr. Abbott will plant for the Belfast factory if one is established there. Mr. Daniel A. Wadlin planted about the same amount as Mr. Abbott, but his yield was better. Mr. Wadlin received $107 for his corn, besides the large amount of fodder. It is estimated that the factory will pay $100 per acre planted by Mr. Abbott and Mr. Wadlin is as good as eight tons of hay for each. Mr. Wadlin is doing all he can for the proposed factory.

—Nearly all the cheese in Mr. Nickerson's factory at Hodgdon Corner, has been delivered to the patrons. The product is of good quality, and is giving good satisfaction.

—The proprietors of the St. Albans sweet corn factory are sending out their agents to buy shelled corn to the acre; the sweet corn man says, "I think I will plant some other kind." Although some have done quite well with sweet corn, for the last two years it has been a bad move.

—The apple crop in Mercer this fall is a good one, and, with one or two exceptions, is being held for a better price than $1.50 per barrel.

—*Mr. Editor:* Will you please correct a mistake in *Maine Farmer* of Nov. 12, relative to the size of my registered Devon bull calves? Their correct girth is 4 feet, 7 inches.

Yours with respect,
CHARLES B. GILMAN.

Bingham, Nov. 16th.

—John Flint of Baldwin has four thousand bushels of apples, nearly all Baldwins. R. A. Burnell has five hundred bushels of picked apples. He picked twenty-five bushels of apples from one tree, and seven bushels from the ground under it.

—The Cape Elizabeth Fair Association, at their meeting, held Wednesday afternoon, in the Rooms presiding, elected the following board of officers:

President—Dr. S. B. Thombs.
Vice President—Howard E. Dyer.
Secretary—H. P. C. Hersey.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Haskell.
Directors—S. B. Thombs, Howard E. Dyer, Geo. N. Stanwood, T. Scott Jordan, E. Malcolm Robinson, Augustus E. Skillings, William H. Howard, William T. Dyer, Dr. Charles Sawyer, Howard Fletcher, Geo. G. Sawyer, Edgar L. Jordan, E. C. Robinson, Walter T. Maxwell.

The capital stock was voted $10,000. Ground was broken on the track, Thursday, and everything looks very promising for that the track is to be a mile one, are utterly without foundation, as at no time has this idea been at all seriously considered by the association. The half mile regulation track is one that will be constructed.

BUSINESS IN KENNEBEC COUNTY PROBATE COURT. Under the provisions of the Revised Statutes, chapter 63, section 8, Hon. Turner Buswell, Judge of Probate in Somerset county, was appointed Administrator *de bonis non* on the estate of Philander Coburn of Skowhegan, the former Administrator, Geo. E. B. Jackson, having deceased. Ralph W. Potter of Lewiston was appointed Administrator *de bonis non* on the estate of Elizabeth Clark of Waterville. Wm. J. Trefethen of Readfield was appointed Administrator on the estate of Washington Smith of Fayette. Frances E. Bolan of Augusta, Administrator on the estate of Eliza F. Diggles of Augusta. Frank W. Jewett of Hallowell, Administrator on the estate of Dummer T. Potter of Hallowell.

Will proved, approved and allowed: Of Lucy A. Coleman of Readfield; George E. Coleman of Readfield appointed Executor.

Etta J. Smith of Fayette was appointed Guardian of Ralph W. Smith of Fayette.

William E. Beard of Gardiner was appointed Guardian of Annie G. Beard and Percy G. Beard of Gardiner.

In the Insolvency Court, Chas. W. Jones of Augusta was appointed Assignee on the estate of George W. Choate, Jr., of Hallowell. The Judge denied the petition of Ida V. Donnell, wife of Henry M. Donnell, of Monmouth, the absconding insolvent, on the ground that there is no statutatory provision for such an allowance.

MC.

THROUGH THE FIRES OF PERSECUTION. While spending a pleasant fortnight at Litchfield, among warm friends and old-time associates, Uncle Lewis Hamlen of this city was presented with several books on religious subjects, some of the volumes being more than a hundred years old. One of the oldest, devoted to the peculiar experiences and persecutions of the Baptists, tells of their fearful abuse by the Congregationalists and Episcopalians. In a Connecticut town, a minister of that despised denomination, whose only offence was in preaching the Gospel as he understood it, was thrown in jail, and the next day taken out and publicly whipped. A little previous to that time, Baptists were tied to the tails of carts and whipped through the streets of Boston, until the streets were red with their blood. Uncle Lewis says he remembers the time when right here in Augusta it was considered a reproach to have a Baptist minister lodge in your house over night. He says he remembers the remarks made by a Mr. Goldthwait, who lived about two miles out of the city. Warning up with his subject in a religious meeting, he said: "Brethren, the time is coming when we shall all see eye to eye on all these matters; but, mind you, *you will all be Baptists!*"

Perhaps the persecutions to which we have alluded had something to do with making the Baptists the great and powerful denomination they now are.

LOOKING BACKWARD UPON AN HONORABLE CAREER. The Rev. Dr. Richard Slater Storrs, the well-known pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, the first Congregational church founded in Brooklyn, N. Y., has completed forty years in its service.

Dr. Storrs was born in Braintree, Mass., where his father was pastor of the First Congregational church for 62 years. The son began his ministry in Brookline, Mass., but came to Brooklyn after a year there. His sermon the other evening was an anniversary discourse. In his sermon he said:

"I had no thought in my earlier years of going beyond this special point of personal or pastoral life, if God should even permit me to reach it; it seemed so far in the future as to be almost beyond attainment. I thought of nothing beyond it, except, perhaps, leisure and cheerful retrospection; but your expressed and unanimous wish still bids me forward, and I obey. I am conscious of no failure of vigor to perform work, and certainly of no weariness in it. I have many subjects still in advance on which I already wish to preach.

"I am bound to you by as affectionate ties as ever united the answering hearts of congregation and minister. So here I continue in the church, which is so dear, in this pulpit, which has been for so many years my happy home."

Dr. Storrs was 70 years old last August.

Weather permitting the steamer "Kennebec" will make three more trips this season, two this week and one next week, leaving the river finally, Thursday, Dec. 3rd, for Boston, where she will remain during the winter. Shippers of freight by this line, will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity to get in their winter's stock.

Grange News and Notes.

—Some of our dailies, with more enterprise than judgment, magnified a discussion at Kennebec Pomona, as to results obtained at the State College and by the Board of Agriculture, into a bitter attack upon the policy of each. Such was not the fact. Men differed there, as they do everywhere, upon the best means and methods of work, but nothing in the report sent out and published justified those startling headlines. The facts are as stated by Worthy Master Moore, on the first page, and the discussion throughout was carried on in the most friendly manner. If these State institutions have reached a point where they are above criticism, it might well be questioned whether they have not outlived their usefulness. The failures which all candid men admit become the greatest incentives to better results, and the spirit of criticism is often the best service which can be rendered. In this case, good rather than ill will result; and if the full report of the discussion had been published, as promised, no one would have felt called upon to make explanation. Those who criticised had their reasons, and the suggestions offered were of value. LECTURER.

—State Lecturer Twitchell will attend the meeting of Penobscot Pomona at Hermon, Saturday of this week. He would be pleased to meet as many Penobscot patrons as possible.

—*Whereas*, The Great Ruler of the universe has, in His infinite wisdom, removed from our midst our worthy and esteemed sister, Fryeburg Grange; and

Whereas, The intimate relation held by him with the members of this Grange, makes it fitting that we record our appreciation of his worth; therefore

Resolved, That the removal of such a man from our Grange and community leaves a vacancy and a shadow that will be deeply realized by all members of this Grange, and by citizens, and will prove a loss to the world at large.

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the afflicted relatives and friends of the deceased, we express an earnest hope that even so great a bereavement may be overruled for their highest good.

Resolved, That copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records, a copy sent to the family of our deceased brother, and one each sent to the *Maine Farmer*, *Bridgton News Journal*, *Oxford Democrat* and *Oxford County Advertiser*.

R. WALKER MCKEEN,
ANNIE S. FARRINGTON, } *Com.*
SARAH F. MERRIFE.

JAMES HOBBS, *Sec'y.*

—The eighteenth annual session of the Maine State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, will be held in Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, commencing Dec. 15th, at 10 o'clock. Railroad arrangements: The Maine Central R. R. will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip from all stations, to go Dec. 14, 15 and 16, good to return Dec. 19, to all members who procure their round trip tickets at the time and station where their train is taken.

Members who pass over roads that do not sell through tickets should buy round trip tickets to the junction point of the Maine Central only, and there get Maine Central round trip tickets.

The Grand Trunk R. R. will issue through tickets at one fare the round trip to Lewiston.

The Bangor & Piscataquis R. R. will sell tickets to Skowhegan and return for the sum of one rate to Old Town added to M. C. R. R. rate Old Town to Skowhegan, tickets to be sold Dec. 14th and 15th, valid until Dec. 19th.

The Canadian Pacific R. R., (New Brunswick Division) will sell tickets from St. Stephen and Aroostook county stations to Skowhegan and return, on Dec. 14th and 15th, at one fare for the round trip, good for return Dec. 19th.

The Portland & Rochester R. R. will sell tickets from stations within the State to Skowhegan and return at one fare for the round trip; tickets on sale Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th, good to return until Dec. 19th.

The Somerset R. R. will issue round trip tickets at one fare from all stations to Oakland and return. Tickets to be sold Dec. 14th, 15th and 16th, good to return Dec. 19th.

The Bridgton & Saco River R. R. will sell tickets at one fare the round trip to Bridgton Junction, Dec. 14th and 15th, good to return Dec. 19th.

The Franklin & Megantic R. R. and Sandy River R. R. will sell tickets at one fare the round trip Tickets on sale Dec. 14th and 15th, valid to return Dec. 19th.

Patrons passing over Portland & Rumford Falls R. R., who have paid one full fare to Mechanic Falls, will be furnished with a return certificate, at the State Grange, from Mechanic Falls to their respective stations.

Arrangements have been made with the Coburn, Haselton and Skowhegan Hotels at $1 per day, with no extra charge for fires; two persons in a bed. For further information in regard to the hotel arrangements, address Bro. Ansel Holway, Skowhegan.

At a recent meeting of the Skowhegan Board of Trade, it was voted to give the members of the State Grange a reception in Coburn Hall, on Monday evening, Dec. 14th.

If the Master cannot possibly attend, it should be the pleasure and duty of the Overseer elect and certify a Past Master, or fourth degree member, a delegate in the Master's stead. Granges should pay their Masters' or delegates' expenses, they giving their time.

East Orrington. *Sec. Ex. Committee.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING. The last meeting of Fryeburg Grange was made very interesting by the young members, who took the entire charge, filling all the stations, and carrying out a programme which had been arranged by them. The following is the programme:

Music, "Sunshine Ever Follows Rain."
Recitation, "Our Grange," Rose Johnson
Reading, "The Dappie Mare," Lizzie Charles
Instrumental Music.
Recitation, "Labor," Alma Holden
Music, "Happy Hours."
Recitation, "The Weather," Olive Knox
Recitation, "The Vermonter's Experience in Dakota," Alice Bemis
Vocal Duet.
"The Grange Echo," Hattie F. Woodward

This programme had been arranged by the young people, and reflected much credit upon their taste and ability. The attendance was large, there being one hundred and twenty patrons present. All went home, feeling that a very pleasant evening had been spent, and that the young brothers and sisters had shown themselves to be capable of getting up an interesting and profitable meeting.

It is proposed that the annual meeting, which occurs Dec. 19th, be called in the morning. Prof. Balentine will be present during the day, and will deliver his lecture on "Milk Production." Sometime, later in the season, Prof. Rogers of the State College will deliver his lecture on "Taxation," and Prof. Hitchcock will speak on "Agriculture in our Common Schools."

West Fryeburg. MC.

FIRES IN MAINE. The house in Foxcroft owned by Susan Lebroke and occupied by A. F. Bragg, caught fire, Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock, but was soon extinguished. Mr. Bragg's loss was quite heavy, all his and his wife's clothing being burned, and nearly all their furniture spoiled. The damage to the house was slight.——A barn belonging to Mr. William Crandlemire of Monticello, containing the hay cut on the farm, also the

Items of Maine News.

ew G. A. R. post is to be organized in or named for Mr. Hamlin.

rty-four new buildings is the estimated er for Houlton the past season.

re-sent tornado H. A. Prescott's pleas- eamer on the Moosehookmeguntic lake, to pieces on the rocks.

long continued drouth at Rangeley was broken, on Tuesday, by a us rain.

to Tuesday night, 16 artesian wells een bored at Thompson's brook, Bath, which the city's water supply is be- secured.

y. Jason Mariner, the well-known Free st minister, who held pastorates in rn and other places in this State, has ied in Lynn, Mass.

e Caribou Water Co. are preparing to lish their electric light and power busi-

It will be as good an electric plant re is in Maine

t three applications have been made Maine for license to manufacture sugar and receive U. S. bounty un- e provisions of the act of Oct. 1, 1890.

P. J. Weston has purchased a tract of acres of timber land in Moscow, and sual from it in the vicinity of Chase a million feet of spruce this winter.

r. H. E. Frohock, pastor of the M. E. h in Houlton, recently killed three ot- while hunting in the vicinity of Houl-

urday night the store of Orrin Lind- at the corner of High and Centre s, Bath, was entered and a quantity of co stolen, also a small amount of y.

he Board of Trustees of Bowdoin ge, the Hon. John A. Peters, LL. D., een elected to fill the vacancy caused e death of the late Hon. John Apple-

Josiah Fernald of Cansan has a little 3 months old. She weighs 16 lbs., ed alone when 10 months old, and will over the house and out of doors as leases.

arles Beals, one of the California y-niners," has been mining in Swift gold fields. He managed to make $150 during August, and believes he lo better in the spring.

. Nahum Jellison of Hancock is almost y blind, in consequence of some sort rowth which covers the sight of his He will go to the Maine General Hos- for treatment.

Keeley institute for Maine, for the ment and cure of inebriates, users of and morphine, was opened at Farm- n, Tuesday, in charge of physicians the parent office. Patients are now for treatment.

mor has it that Mr. Alonzo S. Hutch- is to build a starch factory next sea- Hodgdon, in time to begin operations the potatoes are ready, provided that ives us the factory from taxa- for a period of years.

ne persons, evidently with the inten- of wrecking the morning train on the R. Railroad, wound a big chain around ails on Sluice Hill, Rangeley. The sec- ieu found it before the train came

ckland housekeepers aren't particular- thu-lastic over the establishment of a ts factory" in their city. Ever since ening the hired girls of the city have tended to obtain employment in it, un- ed demands for more evenings out ranted.

e other day, Ransom Cole of Green- found one of his sheep dead in the re, a hole eaten into her side, through h her hauler had been extracted and ared, and the sheep mutilated in no r way. Everybody would like to know kind of an animal did it.

late George E. B. Jackson of Port- bequeathed his entire estate to his After her death the property will go three children, Mrs. Mary S. Shaw, e, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Merrill, and Mr. resent Ten Brook Jackson. Mrs. Jack- named as administratrix.

the mountain division of the Maine al, Tuesday, all trains were delayed large boulder which fell on the track e notch near the Frankenstein trestle. s found impossible to move the boul- and at once men were put on who tore e track and laid the rails around the der, which work was successfully ac- plished.

following Maine patents have been is- E. N. Bachelder and F. E. Lovejoy, ad, grain meter. C. R. Nelson, Port- hot water heater. G. Nevens, Bruns- , track cleaner. L. A. Aten, Wayne, polishing wheel. Walter E. Frost, ston, cramping machine for boots or s. Chas. A. Jacobs, Hallowell, wire screens.

wis Cowan of Palmyra has performed brilliant piece of banco work. It discovered Thursday, that he had dled the Dexter Savings Bank out of 00, had fleeced a neighbor named Blais- to the tune of $500, and had sold 25 p belonging to another neighbor, ap- riating the proceeds. He cleared out over $1,600 in spoils.

e first of the present month, the Sul- a Granite Company of West Sullivan ed a contract for paving and curb- e, and paid off all the hands except 100

During the season this company manufactured 850,000 paving blocks, have shipped 750,000, also 40,000 feet arbstone. The company intend start- up their works again in April unless racts are taken before time.

me Warden Albert French of Calais ust made one of the most successful ures of illegal deer killers ever made in State, that of George Glidden of Pren- Glidden was captured Saturday night his log cabin in the woods, and taken to n, and Monday was brought before a justice on four charges of killing deer doge. He was found guilty in each and fined $200 and costs, and in de- of payment was put in Bangor jail.

r. L. B. Carter on Stearns Hill in Paris, a distressed home. Three weeks ago ost his youngest son 19 years of age typhoid fever. Friday his eldest son ewhere about 22 or 23 years of age died the same fever. He now has a daughter en years of age very sick with the r, his wife is sick and himself nearly so. as a sad sight to see Mr. Carter and his remaining child able to ride, follow- the hearse containing the remains of son and brother.

r. Parmenas Dyer died at his home in ington, Friday, of pneumonia, aged 69 s. For thirty years he has been a inent physician, also a political leader. was a member of the United States Pen- Examining Board under President eland. He was prominent in the green- k or fusion party during its ascendency, an active spiritualist. Many years ago ed in Auburn and published the *Demo- ic Advocate*, the first democratic paper androscoggin county.

iram Higgins of Scarboro, a prominent en, after whom Higgins beach has en its name, died Nov. 10, very sudden- aged 73 years. He returned from the in the morning after breakfast, to his se, sick at the stomach, and was put to . Simple remedies administered at first eted him, but he soon grew unable to ak, and died before a physician arrived. re has been much gossip in the town, it ng suspected that he died from poison. e body was disinterred and an autopsy d, which showed that he died of heart ease, with no trace of poison.

llen Conary, a young man living on he man's Island, started from Boothbay bor about 3 o'clock, Monday afternoon, home, the wind blowing very fresh. boat was close reefed and in good trim, young Conary an expert boatman. At same time, James Burke, keeper of nt Island light, and Samuel Cavanor, per of Rum Island light, started for ir respective stations in Cavanor's boat. en off Mouse Island, Cavanor, happen- to turn his eyes in the direction of nary, exclaimed, "For God's sake, Burke, nary has sunk!" The peak of the sail ide boat was just disappearing beneath e water off Spruce Point, about a mile ay. Burke, who was at the wheel, im- diat-ly put about, and making extra sail, re down for the spot where Conary was t seen. Cavanor's boat never made bet- time, and soon they were within hailing tance, when they saw Conary clinging n board, his head just above the water, hich was icy cold. They quickly reached n, and as the boat was ploughing by, ey grasped him by the head and shoulders drew him into the boat; and not slack- g their sail, they made for Fisherman's land. Conary was much chilled, and uld not have held on but a few minutes ore. It was very remarkable that the htkeepers saw him just as they did, and re able to reach him in time. It was owing a gale down through the sound. it was, they ran great risk of swamping ir own boat.

THE EVIL OF SUBSTITUTION. Do you er think when buying a patent medicine, at you take chances of being imposed on by mercenary and unscrupulous alers? If you demand time-tried and od-the-test medicines you take no ances; if you take a substitute you may putting poison into your system, that ll result in temporary relief and the bsequent wrecking of your health for- er. Think it over. Did you ever hear complaint about Dr. Pierce's Medicines Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for e liver, the blood and lungs, or Dr. erce's Favorite Prescription for weakly omen, failing to do just what they are vertised to do? Men who spend millions dollars in advertising a remedy, that s a benefaction to humanity, do not ke these chances when there is not a erling force, a great remedy back of their vertisements. Dr. Pierce's remedies are aranteed to give "value received or no y," and the *Journal* is doing you a kind- ss, and not seeking to advertise Dr. erce, when it calls your attention to the liability of such standard medicines.— Salle and Peru (Ill.) *Twin City Journal*.

Items of General News.

Incoming steamers report the roughest of weather on the Atlantic.

The lessees of the American House, Boston, have filed a petition in insolvency.

Dr. Graves is on trial at Denver, Col., for the murder of Mrs. Josephine Barnaby.

Governor Hovey of Indiana, who has been very ill for some time, died Monday night.

Owing to a dead-lock, it looks as though no money would be appropriated by the State of Connecticut for the World's Fair.

A Middlebury, Vt., fire destroyed 30 business houses. The loss will reach $80,000.

Saturday, Ernest A. Parker of Bangor, Me., was crushed to death at Denver, Col., by a wagon containing three tons of ore.

The Harris Palace Car Company of Boston, capital $1,000,000, has decided to locate at Putnam, Conn.

The President, on Friday, appointed Dolphin P. Robbins of Evansville, Ind., Recorder General of the Land Office, vice Joseph M. Townsend, resigned.

G. Henry Stratton, one of a dozen men who, 44 days ago, began a fasting contest in a museum at New York, and who outdid all others, died Thursday at the hospital.

Sunday afternoon, when the Brooklyn bridge was covered with promenaders, Francis McGary, a workman, jumped from the centre of the main space to the East river, 140 feet below, and was drowned. It is the first suicide from the bridge.

William G. Bent, the proprietor, was killed, Monday, by the explosion of an oxygen gas tank at the calcium light works, Boston. The walls of the building were blown out, and a horse standing near killed.

Gov. Jackson of Maryland, on Thursday orally tendered to Ex-Representative Charles H. Gibson, his appointment to be United States Senator from Maryland, until the legislature fills the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Ephraim K. Wilson. Colonel Gibson accepted the appointment.

Wolves killed three children of Andrew Guilick, Wednesday, at the iron rolling mills near New Brighton, ten miles north of St. Paul, Minn. A drove of 125 wolves were seen together in that vicinity Monday. The Gullick children wandered from home into the woods, and were attacked and devoured by the beasts.

While Roseberry, the famous jumper of the equine world, was trying to break his record of 7ft. 1¼in. at the fat stock show in Chicago, Saturday night, he fell, and was led away to his stable. Sunday evening the horse died from the injuries he had received. The horse was valued at $25,000.

Wm. J. Florence, the well known actor, died of pneumonia at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, at 9.30 Thursday evening. His death came as a startling surprise to those in attendance, as his condition had been considered improving, during the afternoon and evening. Mr. Florence was somewhat flighty in the afternoon. Towards evening he slept most of the time, and his death came peacefully.

The President has denied pardons to Abram Davis of Arkansas, convicted of forgery, and to Rowland Cooper of Mississippi, convicted of violations of internal revenue laws, and has refused to consider the application for pardon at present in the case of Meredith Crow of Arkansas, convicted of murder. The President refused a pardon to W. H. Haywood of Massachusetts, convicted of violation of the postal laws.

The case of Annie B. Everett against John Stetson to recover $50,000 alleged to have been lost by Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., at gaming, was settled by the defendant paying $30,000. The plaintiff is the wife of a former clerk of Stetson, and sued under the statute which gives to any person the right to sue for money lost at gaming by any other person, provided the loss does not exceed within three months. The case was tried, and the jury disagreed.

Mr. T. O. P. H. Burnham, the well known Boston bookseller, who died last week, left an estate valued at about $1,000,000. His will was recently filed in Probate court, and in it he makes a number of public bequests, among which are $40,000 to his native town of Essex, $20,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and sums varying from $50,000 to $10,000 to various well known charitable and other institutions in and about Boston. The amount thus bequeathed amounts to nearly $500,000.

Dr. Sydney Drinkwater, aged 79, died in the City Hospital at Haverhill, Mass., Friday. He was born in Portland, Me., and educated in the Portland schools, and Gorham Academy. He studied medicine with John T. Gilman of Portland, and graduated from the Pittsfield, Mass., medical school. He formerly practiced in Westfield, Mass., Sedgwick, Me., and the Marine Hospital in Chelsea. He came to Haverhill in 1867. He was a member of the Board of Health for fifteen years, doing a great time was city physician. He leaves a wife and a son.

Great excitement exists among the citizens of Gardner, a town about twenty-eight miles from Joliet, Ills., over the mysterious disappearance of one of the leading physicians of the place—Drs. Boyes and McAdam—and a lively stable keeper named Briggs, are responsible for a number of daring robberies. The trio was discovered early Saturday morning trying to blow open the safe of the Gardner bank. Burglaries have been frequent during the past year, and a detective was employed to ferret out the thieves. He suspected the trio, and joined them in order to get at the evidence. He helped them to plan the burglary of the bank, and while they were in the act of blowing open the safe, called on them to surrender. They resisted, and attempted to escape, whereupon the detective fired and brought him down, and captured Dr. Boyes. Briggs escaped. It is said this gang recently robbed James Keon, a resident, of $600, and committed several other daring burglaries. The gang are said to be bank-practicing physicians, and stood well in the public's confidence.

A tremendous wind and rain storm, amounting almost to a hurricane, passed over Washington at about 12.30 P. M., Monday, doing a great deal of damage. The worst occurrence reported was the blowing down of the walls of the new Metzerett music hall, in course of construction, on 7th street, N. W., just below F street. The streets of the city were practically deserted at the time of the accident. The stores in the building were completely wrecked and ruined. Mr. Geo. White, tailor, was the only person who perished in the ruins. The loss on the music hall and adjoining building is $60,000. The total loss in the city is $250,000. A section of the stone balustrade around the roof of the White House was blown down and crushed through the roof of the portico at the eastern entrance of the basement. The noise caused quite a commotion in the President's household for a few minutes, but speedy investigation showed that no one was injured. The flag in front of the building was cut in two as neatly as though done with a knife. The building on 17th street, opposite the War Department, was partially unroofed, and the upper floors were deluged with water. During the storm, lightning struck the large gas reservoir at the corner of 26th and 9th streets. Long tongues of flames from rents in the top of the structure rose high in the air. The gas blazed at the openings until 500,000 feet were consumed. The high walls of the reservoir was twisted in all manner of shapes, and fragments of the iron columns scattered in all directions. The reservoir was nearly full of gas, and the company's loss is $50,000, with no insurance. The gale also manifested itself in other parts of the country, heavy rain falling.

PENSIONS. The following pensions have been granted Maine people:

ORIGINAL.

Daniel L. Estes, Otis N. Fowler, John M. Hall, Sheppard Cousins, Geo Northrop, Stephen Weeks, Edward Condon, Fifield Mitchell, Albert Pickering, Geo. F. Hassell, Wm. Matthews, Seth O. Hanscom, Chas. Hanson, Luther B. Strout, Joseph W. Winter, Thomas M. Dean, John Farrell, Henry F. Brickett, Fred S. Smith, Henry A. Norcross, John W. Sweetser, Robert Reed, Corydon Powers, Ishmael Harmon, Charles H. Leighton, Harris M. Cussins, David Reynolds, Mark O. Morrill, Hosias C. Phillips, David McGray, Chas. B. Hall,

ADDITIONAL.

Wm. J. Cormick, John Maloney, 2d, Aren Harrington, Benjamin Wilbur, Thomas Brown, Daniel Starks, Lawrentus Lane, Bernard Mulwroon, Michael Brady, Wm. Dunn,

Nathaniel L. Pratt, Wm. George, Eli B. Beach, Archibald F. Martin, Benjamin P. Webb, Andrew Johnson, Peter Callahan, Fell Cisson, Walter F. Keen, Horace B. Cushman.

INCREASE.

Auretius C. Brown, Thos. McAver, Robert F. Thomas, Jacob Rankin, Charles Berry, Jr., Parris Paige, Lafayette Clement, Palmer R. Hill, Albion K. P. Grant, Nelson S. Towle, Moses Grose, Patrick Summers, Jeremiah Dupont, Abner Haskell, Alfred H. Wormwood, Charles E. Al. Wells, Charles S. Emerson, George L. Eaton, Thomas Patmore, Albert A. Smith, Axel Lancaster, Mark T. Richardson, David S. Snow, Dennis E. Murphy,

Francis Dwelley, Wm. Nisbet, Baxter Shaw Mosher, James C. Bowden, James A. Brown, Silva Thompson, Patrick Sheehan, Hugh McKay, Thos. Jones, John E. Holt, John E. Longee, John P. Sheban, Jas. Derocher, Willard H. Damron, Russell Place, Nathaniel Stewart, Hezekiah King, James M. Palmer, Davis McDonald, Edinu A. Brown, Andrew S. Weymouth, Thos Knowlton, Geo. F. Allen, Llewelyn Green.

ORIGINAL, WIDOWS, ETC.

Harriet J. Barnard, Nancy N. Young, Clara C. Bonney, Isabella Smith, Viola G. Lander, Margaret Keelan, Margaret Mathurne, Sarah J. Harden, Rebecca M. Small, Lucy A. Jones, Minors of Jos. Pooler, Clara Perry, Sarah J. Fossett, Mary Donovan, Minor of Aug. L. Hayes,

Isabella Weacott, Ann Maxfield, (mother), Margaret McGovern, Mary Coughlin, Julia A. Warren, Judith Saunders, Frances Rhodes, Mary A. Smith, Sarah Ann Dockray, Emily C. Milliken, Mary A. Morgan, Elizabeth K. Goodwin, Joan W. Harriman, Emma E. Thompson.

REISSUE.

Alvah A. Clewley, Boardman C. Friend, Percival Smith, Ira W. Williamson, Chas. S. Whitten, John Stratford, Dastil Dinsmore, Preston Hersey, Wm. M. Felton, Wm. C. Safford, Curtis Higgins, Uriah Curtis, Ayers Little,

George H. Smith, Frank Pullen, John A. Hardy, Chas. L. Ware, Eben Tasker, Daniel Cummings, Robert Gibb, Esau Wells, Wm. M. Han, Ephraim N. Hackett, B. Franklin Higgins, Jas. G. Bran, Mary Millliken.

REISSUE AND INCREASE.

Abel G. Holbrook, John Jeffers,

Martin J. Vinal.

RESTORATION AND REISSUE.

Josiah Winslow,

Ebenezer Thompson.

RESTORATION.

Edward J. Barreen.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. The installation of Rev. Seth Curtis Beach, as pastor of the Independent (Unitarian) Congregational church, Bangor, occurred Wednesday evening.——The probate court for Norfolk county Mass., has allowed the will of Isaac C. Plummer, of Hyde Park. The testator left $1,000 to the Alna and Newcastle Baptist church in Alna, Maine, and after paying various bequests, the balance of the estate is to be equally divided, between the Baptist conventions of the States of Maine and Massachusetts.——The Universalist fair at Pittsfield, held recently, was the most successful one ever given by the society. The net proceeds were nearly $600.——Rev. J. H. Parshley, the new Baptist pastor, in Rockland, was given a very pleasant reception by the church and society the other evening. Supper was served in the vestry.——The new Catholic Church, in Belfast, will be dedicated to-day—Thanksgiving day. The dedication will be performed by Bishop Healey, of Portland, priests assisting. He will begin about ten o'clock. High mass will be celebrated at the dedication.——Rev. Donald Frazier of Orleans, Mass., has accepted a call from the Congregational society in Madison and will preach at both North Anson; and will preach at both villages the coming year, commencing some time in December.——That Presque Isle is a village of churches will be acknowledged by all. They have six handsome church buildings in the town, each of which is owned by the society worshipping therein.——Rev. W. W. Ogler, of Chelsea, baptized twelve candidates, Sunday of last week.——Rev. D. T. Heck, of Belfast, declines the call recently extended to him, to become the pastor of the Central church, Bangor, taking the place of Rev. G. W. Field, D. D., who has resigned. Rev. Mr. Hack gives as his reason that he prefers to remain with his people at Belfast, to whom he had become much attached.

Help at Hand!

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

(Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.)

BEST OF ALL MEDICINES.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the great saver of life and health. It removes all nervous irritability and perfectly and completely cures

Nervousness and Nervous Exhaustion.

Why do you suffer from such an exhausted, prostrated and dragged-out feeling when Dr. Greene's Nervura surely cures all

Weak and Tired Feelings.

Thousands suffer from wakeful nights, and rise mornings unrefreshed. Dr. Greene's Nervura gives natural refreshing sleep—the perfect cure for

Sleepless Nights and Tired Waking.

People with unstrung nerves have strange, faint and nervous sensations, numbness, trembling, palpitation. Dr. Greene's Nervura is the only remedy for

Heart Failure and Palpitation.

For sale by Druggists. Price $1.50. Be sure and see that the bottle is sealed with the trade-mark seal "Nervura."

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the best blood invigorator, and it immediately overcomes the weakness, languor and lack of energy due to

Poor Blood, Debility and Low Vitality.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is acknowledged everywhere as the greatest of all Nerve Remedies, and is absolutely sure to strengthen

Weak and Shattered Nerves.

Dyspepsia, distress, fulness, faint, "all gone" feeling, gas, liver disease, constipation, are perfectly cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, as are also

Headache and Dizziness.

People often lose their appetite, the liver is inactive, the bowels constipated. Dr. Greene's Nervura is exactly the remedy for

Poor Appetite and Constipation.

Dr. Greene, the well-known specialist in the cure of chronic diseases, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. SEND FOR SYMPTOM BLANK.

Items of Maine News.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Nov. 24, 1891.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN.				
G. Wells,		16		
AT BRIGHTON.				
J. M. Philbrook,		15		47
L. G. Libby & Son,		39	200	30
F. L. Libby,		10		10
H. I. Libby,		11		25
E. & L. G. Demeritt,				691
T. M. & E. G. Bailey,				447
C. W. Hussey,				207
W. E. Wheeler,				175

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON STOCK YARDS.

Cattle, 1,336; sheep, 9,978; hogs, 30,911; veals, 797; horses, 393.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 72; sheep, 1,730; calves, 112; horses, 72.

CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments of cattle from Boston during the past week were 1201 head, with sales at Liverpool at 11 c., dressed weight; a trifle firmer at London.

POSITION OF THE BUSINESS.

The market for cattle was rather light in its dimensions, and is always expected to be Thanksgiving week. Hathaway, our Western live stock dealer, managed to sell a few steers, and a few slim Northern cattle changed hands at 2@3c. per lb., live weight. Good cattle were rather a scarce article at the market yards.

The sheep trade fell off some 4000 head, and butchers wished it had been of a less supply. Canada lambs found sale at 5½@5¾c., such as would weigh from 70 to 85 lbs. a head. General sales unchanged, with quotations at 2@4¼c. on old sheep, and 4@5¾c. on lambs.

Hog market was heavy in Western live, reaching upwards to 30,000 head, and we find that prices remain steady. We quote Western live hogs at 4¼@4¾c., the actual cost delivered at slaughter houses, which of course includes all shrinkage on the trip here; Northern and Eastern lots at 5@5¼c. dressed weight.

Veal calves are in demand, with a firm market, good veals selling at 5¾@6c. and older calves at 2½@3½c. weighing 250 and 350 lbs.

The demand for milch cows of high proportions. The usual variety on sale, but not as good as usual. The Wednesday's sale expected to be light.

Horse trade not considered any better. Common grades still very dull of sale, and of low prices. The better class of horses in fair demand, with sales from $150@$325 per head.

MAINE STOCK.

The very best on sale from the East were a lot of 16 cattle, by Gid. Wells, the well known live stock dealer and farmer of Clinton. "Eight of these cattle were *dandies*," so said Dick Sturtevant, the buyer. They were premium cattle, and fatted by such good feeders as Jas. Hilton of Starks, Watson Jones, Wm. Jones and S. Taylor of Fairfield. These cattle would dress from 1150 to 1350 lbs., and were better cattle than he has marketed this season, which is saying a good deal, as he has sold some good cattle. J. M. Philbrook sold 9 milch cows at $45 per head. I. C. Libby sold veal calves, of 130 and 140 lbs., at 5¾@6c.; Eastern sheep at 3@4c. and lambs at 5@5¾c.

REMARKS.

It being Thanksgiving week, the business at the yards was necessarily light. This is virtually a poultry week. Poultry is the all-important article. Of course something was done in live stock to patch out the full sup ply of last week, but butchers were to a great extent off in the city issuing of the good trades in poultry if there were any to be found. Cattle drovers handled a little live stock, some they had on order last week, but were anxions to get into the city to look after the selling of their poultry.

LATE SALES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AT BRIGHTON.

There were some milch cows left over that could not find sale at remunerative prices, with sales from $25@$60 per head. J. S. Melloy sold a lot of 3 new milch cows and 3 springers at $35. W. H. Hayden sold 1 new milch cow, of extra quality, at $45. I. C. Libby & Son sold 5 new milch cows, the lot for $250. J. S. Henry sold 5 new milch cows at $50 each; 4 milch cows and 1 springer at $45 each, and a few common cows at $28@$35 per head. W. Scollans sold 2 choice milch cows at $52 @$55; 2 milch cows, of extra quality at $40 @$48, and 7 milch cows at $28@$35.

The Universalist Parish Committee, Bangor, organized, Wednesday evening.——The probate court for Penobscot county has allowed the will of Hannah G. Wilson, aged 91 years, 6 months. The estate is valued at $2,000. Mrs. Wilson was a sister of George Morang of Eastport, Me.

In Damariscotta, Nov. 16, Hannah McMichael, aged 93 years.

In Dear Island, Nov. 16, Lilla M. Bridges, aged 25 years, 6 months; Nov. 11, Murtin Butler, aged 12.

In Dexter, Nov. 7, Cyrus Brockway, formerly of Sangerville, aged 60 years.

In Dexter, Nov. 19, Harry G., son of John A. and the late Almena Small, aged 16 years, 4 mos.

In East Hampden, Nov. 16, John D. Pierce, aged 62 years, 10 months.

In Eastport, Nov. 13, Mildred A. Hobbs, aged 20 years, 10 months; Mrs. Sarah S. Coates, aged 79 yrs.

In East Machias, Nov. 6, Esther L., widow of Oliver Dwelley, aged 64 years, 8 months.

In Ellsworth, Nov. 18, Kittie, eldest daughter of Charles E. and Eva M. Chase, aged 18 years, formerly of Portland.

In East Winthrop, Nov. 23, W. H. Parlin, Esq., aged 79 years.

In Gorham, Nov. 11, George C. Watson, aged 18 years, 2 months.

In Kennebunk Lower Village, Nov. 14, at the real estate of her son-in-law, Capt. Jos. L. Nason, Mrs. Dickenson of Victoria, N. B.; Nov. 10, John P. Rider of Presque Isle, to Cora Randall of Washburn.

In Princeton, Nov. 18, Jerry T. Merrill of Kossuth, to Annie M. Forbes of Grand Lake Stream.

In Patten, Nov. 5, Joshua B. Craig to Jennie Gerry, both of Patten.

In Penobscot, Nov. 15, Charles F. Taylor of Pembroke, to Lizzie Cavenagh of Robbinston

In Portland, Nov. 18, Richard Walter Hilliard of Arlington, Mass., to Dela Marta Farrington of Portland; Nov. 18, James A. Craig to M. Lillian Cain, both of Portland; Nov. 14, Chester E. Woodman of Portland, to Emma L. Coffin of Freeport.

In Rockland, Nov. 11, James Savage, Jr., to Cora V. Brewer, both of Rockland; Nov. 11, Ester W. Porter to Frances V. Orbeton, both of Rockland; Nov. 5, Fred W. Covel of Rockland, to Etta E. Clark of South Thomaston.

In Rochester, N. H., Albert R. Pennell of Bar Mills, to Flora A. Dyer of Saco, Me.

In Sheridan Plantation, Joseph Oaks to Mary Dimon, both of Sheridan Plantation.

In Steuben, Oct. 31, Alden Sawyer to Lillie Redding, both of Gouldsboro; Oct. 31, Seymour Pinkham to Effie M. Morse, both of Milbridge; Nov. 4, Timothy F. Leighton to Caddie C. Sullivan, both of Steuben.

In Stetson, Nov. 17, Anson H. Smith to Nellie M. Partridge, bothof Stockton Springs.

In South Bridgton, Nov. 7, Frank J. Martin of Sebago, to Jennie F. Rankin of Hiram.

In Vassalboro, Nov. 24th, Mr. Chas. E. Silson to Miss Ella E. Rollins both of Vassalboro.

In Waterville, Nov. 14, William J. Hodges of Winslow, to Mary F. Hoxie of Waterville; Nov. 14, Joseph Phelps to Nellie Robinson, both of Waterville.

In Winter Harbor, Nov. 13, Llewellyn Pendleton to Clara B. Lindsey, both of Gouldsboro.

In Westbrook, Nov. 15, Arthur H. Wiggins of Windham, to Cora B. Morse of Standish.

In Yarmouth, Nov. 16, Carl Aversor to Louie Damon, both of Yarmouth.

Latest Horse Notes.

—It is reported that the proprietor of Palo Alto farm proposes to step back and wait until others have succeeded in wresting the honors from his hands. To the credit of this establishment all the records stand today:

One-year-old, Bell Bird	2.26½
Two-year-old, Arion	2.10¾
Three-year-old, Sunol	2.10¼
Four-year-old, Sunol	2.10¼
Five-year old, Sunol	2.08¾
All ages, Sunol	2.08¾
Stallion record, Palo Alto	2.08¾

Every one of these is by Electioneer, whose sons and daughters now in the 2.30 list number 98. Surely "the world do move," for nothing like this has ever been seen before. By the way, how do the Maine breeders feel who have a dash of the blood in their stables? Happy, we fancy.

—Records are unusually short lived just now. Hardly has the announcement been made that Palo Alto holds the record for all ages, when lo! the yearling Frou Frou is sent a mile on the track at Stockton, Cal., in 2.26, thus wresting the yearling honor from Senator Stanford's stable.

Items and Incidents.

A Jewett City (Ct.) corn husk weather prophet predicts, that this will be an uneven winter, as corn husks are of uneven thickness this fall.

The Best Authorities,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local, but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently, cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all troubles of the digestive organs.

A Bridgeport (Ct.) man of 60 years, eat 40 raw eggs in three minutes, the other night.

When, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These Pills are prescribed by the physicians, and are for sale at all the drug-stores.

Harper's Weekly has a pictorial illustration of what $400,000,000 in silver means, showing that it would make a solid column one foot in diameter and about six and a half miles high; that it would require a train of 1,000 cars to carry it; that it would take 5,500 two horse wagons to transport it; that an army of 22,000 men each carrying 100 pounds, would be required to carry it, and that a man beginning to count it in 1891 would finish in 1902.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills, so strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Under the death notices in the Melbourne newspapers are funeral notices, inserted by the undertakers, respectfully inviting friends to follow the body to the place of interment. The undertakers add their business addresses and telephone numbers.

The best thing for swollen hands or feet, is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; soothing. Try it.

Chicago spends every year $80,000,000 for intoxicating drinks, and an immense sum for tobacco and opium.

Take good care of your beard and keep it clear of gray hairs, so as to retain your young looks, by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

There are signs of a hard winter. The corn husks cling tight to the ears, the hornets' nests hang high, the eagle worms crawl two feet below the surface of the ground, and there is "fuzz on the hogs" at the root of the bristles.

As the sun is superior to the stars, so DANA'S is **superior to all other Sarsaparillas.**

When two young people are married in Sulphur Springs, Tex., most of the residents, as a matter of course, give useful presents, such as bedroom furniture, tableware, and kitchen utensils, the value ranging from $100 to $1000.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

The Queen of Holland, who is only 10 years of age, has a little farm near the royal palace, on which everything has been planted and cultivated by herself. In a small drawing room she entertains her numerous dolls, and in a small kitchen she makes dainty tarts.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Augusta City Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER]

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25.

APPLES—Greenings, Baldwins, and good winter fruit, $1 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $1 25; Yellow Eyes $2 00@$2 25.

BUTTER—Ball Butter 23@25c. Creamery, 28@30c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic new 11@12c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 28@30c. per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $6 00@6 25; Patent 6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 80c; oats 50c; barley 65c; Rye $1 25.

HAY—Loose $10@12; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4½c; bulls and stags, 2½c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 7½c; in tins, 8@8½c.

MEAL—Corn 88c; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 40@1 50 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 8@9c; beef per side 5@7c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 10@12; spring chicks, 14@15c; mution 9@10c; spring lambs 7@8c; veals 7@8c; turkeys, 18@20c; round hog 6c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 40@50 cents per bushel; cabbages, $1.00 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu; turnips, 35@40c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 52

APPLES—No. 1 Baldwins, $1 75@2 00; eating, $2 00@2 50 per barrel; cooking, $1 00@1 50; evaporated, 8@12c per lb.

BUTTER—20@21 for choice family; creamery, 28@30c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 15@2 25; Yellow Eyes, $1 85@2 15.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11½@13c; N. Y. Factory, 13@13½c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 75@5 00; Spring X and XX, $5 00@5 25; Roller Michigan, $5 75@5 87; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 75@6 25.

FISH—Cod Shore, $6 00@6 25; Scaled herring per box, 14@18c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $23 00@25 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 74@75; oats, 44@46; cotton seed, car lots, $28 00@28 50; cotton seed, bag lots, $29 00@30 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@21 00; middlings, car lots, $22 00@28 00; middlings, bag lots, $23 00@29 00.

LARD—Pr tierce, 6½@7¼c per lb; per tub, 6¾@7¾c; pail, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 12@14c; chickens, 14@18c; turkeys, 15@2?c; eggs, 25@ 26c; potatoes per bush., 45@50c; extra beef, $9 50@10 00; pork, backs, $13 50@15 75; clear, $14 75@15 00; hams, 10@10½c; covered, 11@11½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 25

APPLES—Dried, 8@10c per lb. Choice sliced 10@12c.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 00 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 15@2 25.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb.; fair to good, 20@22c.

EGGS—25@26c per doz.

CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 10½@11c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 11@12c.

GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 45c per bushel.

HAY—$9@9 50 per ton; best bales, $11@12.

CORN—79c; meal, 74c.

POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 40@45c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 6¾c. Chickens, 15@17c; Fowl per lb., 13@14c; Turkeys, 00@00c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 24.

CATTLE—Receipts 9,000; shipments, 2,000; the market is quiet and steady; natives at $2 60@$5 40; Texans at $2 20@$2 50; stockers at $2 00@2 50; cows at $1 75@2 60.

HOGS—Receipts 40,000;

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thanksgiving Day.

Every leaf has been put in the table,
And 'tis spread with the best of damask white,
The old china paraded and dusted,
The quaint silver polished and bright;
And the turkey gives evidence fragrant
Of the happy, glad holiday time;
And with a sharp rasile of warning,
The clock rings its summoning chime.
And trooping from parlor and kitchen,
From wood lot, from barn yard, from shed,
Come children, and fair children's children,
A glad, hungry flock, to be fed.
With all the bright table's arrangement
No one seems to see any fault;
There's no question of rank or of riches,
No dividing line runs near the salt;
But grandmother takes very grandly,
At the head of the table, her place,
And the smiles "hide and seek" mid the wrinkles
That traverse her charming old face.
Then grandfather's head is bowed meekly,
As he prays to his Father to bless
The bounty which burdens his table—
His "amen" is like a caress.
Then he peers out from under his eyebrows,
And carves away as though afraid
His blessing might fail in waste places,
Were dinner much longer delayed.
And the plates pass and pass 'round the table,
Till the turkey for some gap begs,
As he lies on his back in the gravy,
While the children are eating his legs.
And had not his eyes long since left him,
He might gaze at the greedy young things
As they glance, unconcerned, at his skeleton,
The while they are nibbling his wings.
Potatoes and beets, squash and turnip,
And pies of squash, pumpkin and mince,
With cranberry tarts, form a scene
At which a dyspeptic would wince.
At last grandma gives the gay signal,
And up from the banquet's and wreck
She rises, hemmed in by children
That shackle her stately old neck.
But at last, with a shout of glad laughter,
The little folks scamper away
To "Blind Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner,
A merry, mad, frolicsome fray.
The brown nuts grow sere in the ashes,
And the apples blush hotly, and glow;
While out 'neath the hunter moon's smiling,
Bitter north winds fiercely blow.
The old dog stretches flat on the door mat,
And the cat's in a ball by the fire;
While, disturbed by thrusts of the ancient tongs,
The licking flames leap higher.
And the children's laugh up the chimney's mouth
The howling wind derides;
And the apples join the merriment
Till they spill their rosy sides.
Then the old man kneels by his old arm chair,
And prays for the season's peace;
For the promised seed and harvest time,
And a bountiful increase;
While the firelight dies, and the embers fade,
Till the hearth holds but ashes gray;
Then on silent feet the children creep
To their dream-wrapped beds away.

CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Thanksgiving.

BY RUTH BRADFORD.

In her easy, old-fashioned rocking chair,
Grandma was swaying slowly,
While grandpa, with his snow-white hair,
Sat beside the window lowly.
Within, the room was warm and bright,
The air was calm and cheery;
The fire threw out a ruddy light,
Made a picture, charming, very.
The scene without was bright, serene,
The atmosphere crisp and clean,
The moon in all her silvery sheen,
Shed radiance far and near.
Most fairy-like was all the land,
With its carpet pure and white—
Just so the touch of Jesus' hand,
Turns the heart-band in His light.

"Draw up your chair near by, dear wife,
Place your dear hand in my own.
We do not hear the robin's trill,
She's sought a warmer home.
Look from the window, dear, my wife,
How stark and bare the trees—
So at one time appeared my life—
Swayed, stripped by sorrow's breeze.
Do you recall just now, dear wife,
How we watched and waited long
For John to come unto his home?
Hushed, then, was all your song,
We trembled all the dreary night through,
And at coming of the dawn,
The news bowed low our aspiring hearts—
John was lost—lost in the storm!
How sorely ill you were, dear, wife,
I thought to lose you, too,
But God was good, blest be His name.
He surely, too, well knew
My soul could bear no more of ill.
This was a crushing blow,
But when by it our daughter dear
Was brought to Jesus low,
We truly, gratefully thanked Him then,
That from ill did good betide.
Then, too, our hearts did sorely grieve
For our dear, sweet, patient one,
Who, in her chair, sat day by day,
From morn till set of sun.
How glad would we have borne for her
The racking, deathly pain
Which blanched her cheeks to ashy white.
Thank God, it didn't long remain!
I can see her fingers now, dear wife,
Flash the needle to and fro,
As she fashioned dainty crochet-lace—
Oh, her poor back hurt her so!
How hard her sufferings were to see,
But she, dear trusting soul,
Made no complaint, but only prayed
That soon she'd be made whole.
And Jesus heard her breath of prayer,
And took her to Himself.
We knew her joy was lasting bright,
The woe was ours, bereft.
From this trial sore there came, dear wife,
A calm and peaceful mind;
Flash the needle to and fro,
As she fashioned dainty crochet-lace—
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That soon she'd be made whole.
And Jesus heard her breath of prayer,
And took her to Himself.
We knew her joy was lasting bright,
The woe was ours, bereft.
From this trial sore there came, dear wife,
A calm and peaceful mind;

Then in our quiet, simple home,
One child was there, no more.
We loved her with a love sublime,
By her we set great store.
But soon she married one, dear wife,
Whom our hearts did honor gladly.
He was a rich though godly man.
Our eyes then grew dim most sadly
At all the lonely years, dear wife,
We must live alone together.
We knew not that they planned for us,
Through dark and sunny weather,
A happy home with them, my wife.
Soon we shall end our days
Here with the glints of our hearts—
To Him be all the praise!
To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day.
Let's raise our prayer of gladness
That, behind the clouds of sorrows sharp,
God's face shone on our sadness.

Though to our mortal eyes, dear wife,
Storm has centered 'round us,
Yet we'll thank Him that He ordered it,
Gave blessing, peace and balm.
Hear the children singing, dear wife!
What are the words they're chanting?
'Rock of Thy care, though sorrow came,
For comfort Thou dost send,
We praise Thee, bless Thee, thank Thee, Lord,
Now and ever—amen, amen!'

Our Story Teller.

CHRIS HARDING'S THANKSGIVING INTERRUPTION.

To have to play for the Thanksgiving service that morning, was certainly an interruption to Chris Harding's plans, and he made no effort to view it in any other light.

With only Aunt Janet, and Uncle Albert, and lame cousin Willie to dinner, there would be so little stir in the old brick house, he could easily prepare all the feast with some help from mother, and there would have been no need of Chris in kitchen or dining room. Free from every one, she might have had a few hours at last for Schubert and that Symphony that tingled her finger tips with its hidden meaning, but eluded her finger tips' mastery, just for want of a few hours to devote to it alone and unhindered. For a week she had planned on this morning, and instead to have to go to the musty little church, to play the squeaky organ! and listen to the queer, quavering voices singing the nasal old tunes, in which she heard no music at all, because her own voice had been cultivated far above all such music!

Very impatiently coiling the soft gold hair, which, despite its unkind twist, could not look aught but a, around the sweet white face it aureoled, Chris donned hat and gloves, and started out the big front doors, and down the long walk to the street.

In one way or another, it seemed as if everything, and everybody, for the last month, had conspired to cheat her of her hours for music, and the rebellious feeling, gathering for weeks, was big and black this morning, as she walked to the little church.

This winter at home was going to be so very much worse, even than she had dreaded. For five years she had had her way, away at school, among gay, happy girls, the last year as teacher of them, instead of pupil. The short weeks of the summer vacation had been spent at home, but gay visitors came with her, and remained till she returned. Phil, the good, jolly brother, had been with them too, and the quietness of the home life, which was its wonted tone, when she was absent, had never touched her. The sweet, sad mother, ever since the father's sudden death, glad of the merry voices, and faces, on the silent stairs, and in the lonely rooms, made merry herself as she could, and never once spoke of the loneliness, that would return to herself, and the house, when they were gone,

"The dear child does love company so!" she said to herself, "and is so clever at her music! Why should I deny her and keep her with me!"

So Chris never saw, because she was never told, and because her own eyes were holden with all the gaieties of her young, fresh life,

But some one's eyes were open, if hers were not, and this summer, the very first week of vacation, the good, wise Phil had said:

"Suppose you stay at home altogether this year, Chris. Mother needs you, and I'll be home myself after Christmas, and you know I rather like to have you around."

"Stay at home this year?" cried Chris. "Why, Phil Harding, I suppose you know I've been planning for two years back to go to Berlin this autumn, and I've only been waiting for a good chance to ask you specially about it. It is for my music, you know, and I've been counting costs, and with my own two hundred, it will not be so very much more than you pay for me every year, and Miss Sternes is going, and our lodging house is engaged—why, Phil, I can't think of not going—a whole year for just my music, a whole year in Berlin. I've dreamed of it till I am wild."

"You'll not get much 'music mad' in Berlin, sis," said Phil, trying to get time to think how it was best to answer this strong, impulsive spirit. "War, beer, or the Kaiser, is all they talk about in Berlin; subscribe to one or the other, or be nobody."

But Chris was not to be put off. She knew Phil pretty well, and she saw a look in the honest blue eyes that was far apart from the jesting.

"Phil, do you mean it?" she said, "that I really must not go? Is it about the money? Can't you spare it, dear? I thought the ships did so well this year."

"It is more than the money mother and I cannot spare," said Phil, "it is yourself."

Chris' eyes turned away from the sternly loving gaze of the brother, who had been to her both father and mother for so many years, and granted before this her every wish.

"It is mostly for the mother, Chris," he said. "You see she is not very well lately; you do not see, perhaps, because you are not here, and I have been blind myself or I would never have allowed you away last year. Don't you think, dear, you could stay home and still keep your music, and just brighten up all around the old house, a sort of better-half to us both, you know, and just forget about Berlin? You could have regular hours for practice, and we'll like the notes around us. Is the home such a dreary place, dear? Haven't I put anything bright or beautiful in it that it should seem to you such a prison? Perhaps I haven't understood—"

But Chris put up her hands over his lips. "Hush," she cried, "don't say any more, let me have to-night to think about it. It is such a new thought, Phil, so very new, and I have never once dreamed someway that I could not go, only don't talk about 'regular hours' and 'keeping it up,' and that sort of thing, at home. You don't know, of course, but it is just an impossible thing—just don't say any more, and if I say nothing about Berlin to-morrow, you will know I have decided to give it up. But don't talk about it to me, Phil, I don't want it mentioned. Oh, Phil, how can I?"

There never was any more talk about it. The conversation next morning was far from Berlin, and though Chris' face was a little whiter than usual, and the sweet lips a little strained, Phil's own nature comprehended her answer, and respected her wish as to the silence. He hoped it might not be so bad as she dreaded. And all through the summer it was not. Visitors filled the big house, and parties and picnics filled the days, and except that it lent an undertone to all the gaiety, Chris herself hardly felt it keenly.

It was when the school time came round that the first sharpness came. When the others returned to the old, happy life, when the letters from Miss Sternes needed to be answered, then came the struggle; then it began to grow bitter. And when the quietness of autumn settled down upon the little village, it seemed intolerable to think of the others in Berlin, and she in that dull place, playing in the musty little church, going to sewing society, receiving and returning calls she cared nothing about, and finding so many demands upon her time that there were no hours at all for Schubert. Even Phil had been away for months, and would likely be for as many more. To have been let alone and quiet would not have been so bad; but to be kept busy over things she had no desire to do was what chafed her spirit and kept open the wound of disappointment.

And now it was late November, and she might have been two months in Berlin! All this filled her heart and thoughts as she walked down the narrow street and entered the church.

The people were already gathered, and she made her way quickly to the organ. "It is not even a minister who can say anything worth hearing, probably," she said to herself, as a strange preacher quietly read the opening hymn. "Why need we have an exchange so often!"

Chris was a Christian, a faithful one in her way, and in her desire. It was because she was a Christian that she had abided by Phil's suggestion. This had been the impelling force in the decision, but it somewhat had not been a sustaining force; and in word and in tongue, not in deed and in truth, had she gone through her Christian duties these past few months.

All through the reading of the lesson her thoughts were an undertone, and only conscious that the new man's voice was strong and musical, she heard with deaf ears the Psalm of Thanksgiving and the prayer that followed. Then came the second hymn, and the silver offering, and the preacher rose to preach.

Chris settled back against the hard seat, with her eyes out of the window, her thoughts in Berlin, her heart out of tune to all the spirit of the scene.

"I have chosen no text, no one verse to speak upon," said the preacher, as he leaned quietly on the desk before him and looked down upon the listening people. "You can find my sermon in Luke, anywhere from the first to the twelfth verse of the fifth chapter. And if I were to name my sermon, the sermon these verses taught me, I would call it 'Interruptions.'"

Chris looked suddenly up at the word—"Her very own thoughts!"

"Interruptions" said the preacher. "Do you have them any of you here? Does any one live without them? Listen to the story of that long ago; think of those men, fishermen, fishing all night, their families at home, perhaps famishing and waiting their return, fishing all night and no fish! Day came and still they toiled, preparing their nets that they might again go out into the deep. And while they worked the multitude came upon them. Do you think they did not know why such a multitude had gathered? Yes, indeed, they knew! They had heard of the Christ, of the Nazarene who wrought the cures of sin and sickness. But they had no time to follow him, and they kept on with their work.

"At last when they washed their nets, the Master, the leader of the multitude, came down to them, and entered into their boat and asked them to push a little way out from the land that he might speak to the people.

"To borrow their boat now! Just now, when they needed it so, to loan it? Don't you suppose they hesitated to lend to a stranger, to this man they knew so little of, for how long even, he did not say? When they were famished and weary, to leave their nets and give up their boat to him, wouldn't you call that an interruption? Do you have them? I do.

"Last autumn, when I was weak with long work, and Saturday came upon me before I could prepare a sermon for my hungry people, I had gone into my study and closed the door, fretting that I had so little time to prepare it, weary with my weakness, impatient of my precious delays! and an interruption came, a visitor, an old man of the faith, gray, bowed, feeble. He had given all his long life, all his wonderful talents, to the people he had espoused, the simple people of the forests; and his visit to me was to ask me to drive him over a rough and long road to see some of his flock. If I went, I could not return till late at night. There was my boat loaned. I hesitated, but, thank God, not long, and I drove him on his way.

"You have such interruptions, all of you. Your unbidden callers, angels unawares, perhaps. Your unexpected visitors when you are busy; who bore you, doubtless, but who need you, else they would never have been sent; or you need them, perhaps. I believe they are all sent. Don't you suppose Christ knew, when He borrowed the boat, that the men needed the interruption? They had heard of His coming, of His healing at 'even, when the sun was low,' of the blind, the deaf, the lame, the devils cast out, of His love, and yet they had not sought Him, or left their nets to follow Him; and so He tried them; and while they lent their boat, He spake unto them. Who can say what they heard in that waiting time? When He had done speaking, they left all and followed Him. Think of it, all the words that were never put down. Can't you hear them? I can.

"That good gray head of the man I drove over the lonely, rough road is resting now; but while I live, will I never forget the lessons I learned as I drove him. He so valiant, so strong of spirit, his long, weary life behind him, and I but just begun, and impatient, and weak, and fretful. What I heard in that waiting, and that still and lonely drive, in that interruption, what I would never have learned in my study or at my books. Don't you suppose Christ knew I needed it? Don't you always know? Can He be God and not know?

"There are so many boats you can lend. Yourselves, your talents, your hands, your feet, your voices, lend them all; lend them freely, and wait, and see what you will learn as you wait. Listen for the voice of Christ in the waiting; listen and heed."

When he began the next head to his sermon, Chris had dropped her eyes. She was thinking, back to the morning's mood, back through the month of her impatience, back through all the summer, through all the past five years. Her ears were no longer open.

What had she said that very morning? "That if Uncle Albert and Aunt Janet wanted to hear 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and 'The Battle of Waterloo' played, they must understand, once for all, that it was above such music. If Phil could not learn to appreciate good music, he must go without any. If the choir would not learn anthems, then she was done playing tunes for them to sing. If she was ever going to many, or anywhere, why, what was the use of keeping up her music? She might as well moulder with the rest of the village folks."

Not crossly, you understand, had she said them, but proudly and martyr-like. How these and countless other sayings rushed back to her now! She could not bear the rest of the sermon for these accusing voices; and the preacher was preaching his closing sentence when she at last looked up.

"So I have preached unto you these interruptions for a Thanksgiving sermon. I am a stranger to you. I go my way, and may never speak to you again on this earth. Perhaps it is a good Thanksgiving sermon, after all. You may learn to be thankful for interruptions, as I have been; if so, then I have not preached in vain. Do not think of the great draught of fishes you will get for pay; I implore you that; but listen! lend, wait, and listen, and when you have heard, leave all and follow Him."

As Chris walked down the aisle, pausing once to look back at the stranger minister, and wishing she dared go to him and tell him into what fallow ground "the seed" had fallen, she came upon Phil.

He smiled at her sudden start. "Yes, I know you did not see me in church. I sat down here by the door. Just came into town, some confounded hitch in the works has delayed the finishing of the ship a fortnight, and so I ran up home. Can't stop to walk up with you now, but I'll be there in time to bone the turkey—good-by;" and he was off around a corner, and Chris was once more left alone with her new thoughts.

Uncle Albert and aunt Janet were home before her, and lame Willie stood in the door as she came up the walk.

"Well," said Aunt Janet, "she's a married man whoever he is, or he never could have told us so true as he did about folks coming in upon you just when you hadn't much dinner cooked—it's a new thought about them being angels, though."

"It was a good sermon right through," said Uncle Albert. "I'm glad I heard it, he's a coon to wedge a truth right home. But who could have told him that Janet here was all in a pet yesterday because old Aunt Hetty drove up and stopped her from going to sewing circle, is more than I can tell. And about me fretting all the week because the lame knee hindered me getting my winter fruit off, fretting so loud that there was never a ghost of a chance to hear anything that might have been said to me in the interruption. Why, since I began to listen this morning, I've heard a few things I wouldn't miss for a dozen barrels of apples, and yet I thought I was a 'following' before."

Chris did not tell them her thoughts. Each had heard according to his need.

No one seemed to know how the day passed so quickly.

"I have had a good fill of music," said Aunt Janet, as she tied her bonnet strings. "I always heard Chris had a gift for it, but someway I never believed she did much at it. Why, I'll carry that Old Oaken Bucket trip-de-do-dum around with me to-morrow, and churn by it, and sweep by it."

"I think I'll come up some day soon and let you help me pick out some national songs on my zither," said lame Will, shyly, as he stood leaning on his crutches while Chris reached up for his overcoat. "It must be jolly to play like you do, and you've got such a good loud voice." Chris smiled at the well meant compliment.

"Good-bye, Chris," said Uncle Albert. "We'll be up as often as we can, since you're going to be home this winter. It makes the house lively to have you about. Good-bye, and God bless the preacher who preached that Thanksgiving sermon."

When the mother had gone to bed, Chris came down stairs again. Phil was writing letters at the big desk in the back parlor. She did not disturb him, and it was not long before he finished, and came over beside her.

"Toasting your toes, sis?" he asked, as he drew up another easy chair and tipped his slippered feet toward the glowing grate.

"Yes," answered Chris, "and thinking."

Phil waited, and by and by Chris spoke again.

"Turning over a new leaf isn't anything very new, I suppose," she said, "or of much use."

"No, it's not," said Phil, "unless you put something on it every time; that's my rule."

"Yes, I know," said Chris, a bright flush on her white face. "But I am going to talk to you a little, a very little, dear—your being at church and hearing the sermon is a help to me—"

"It was to me," said Phil.

"Oh, was it?" she cried, "then it is all the easier for me to tell you. You know I can't put it out very plainly, but you always understand my jagged bits. My music is a gift, I suppose, and my boat, because, if I wanted to go to Berlin for any one thing, it was that I might be competent in it, that I would no longer be a drain on your purse. Oh, I know you are good about it, but